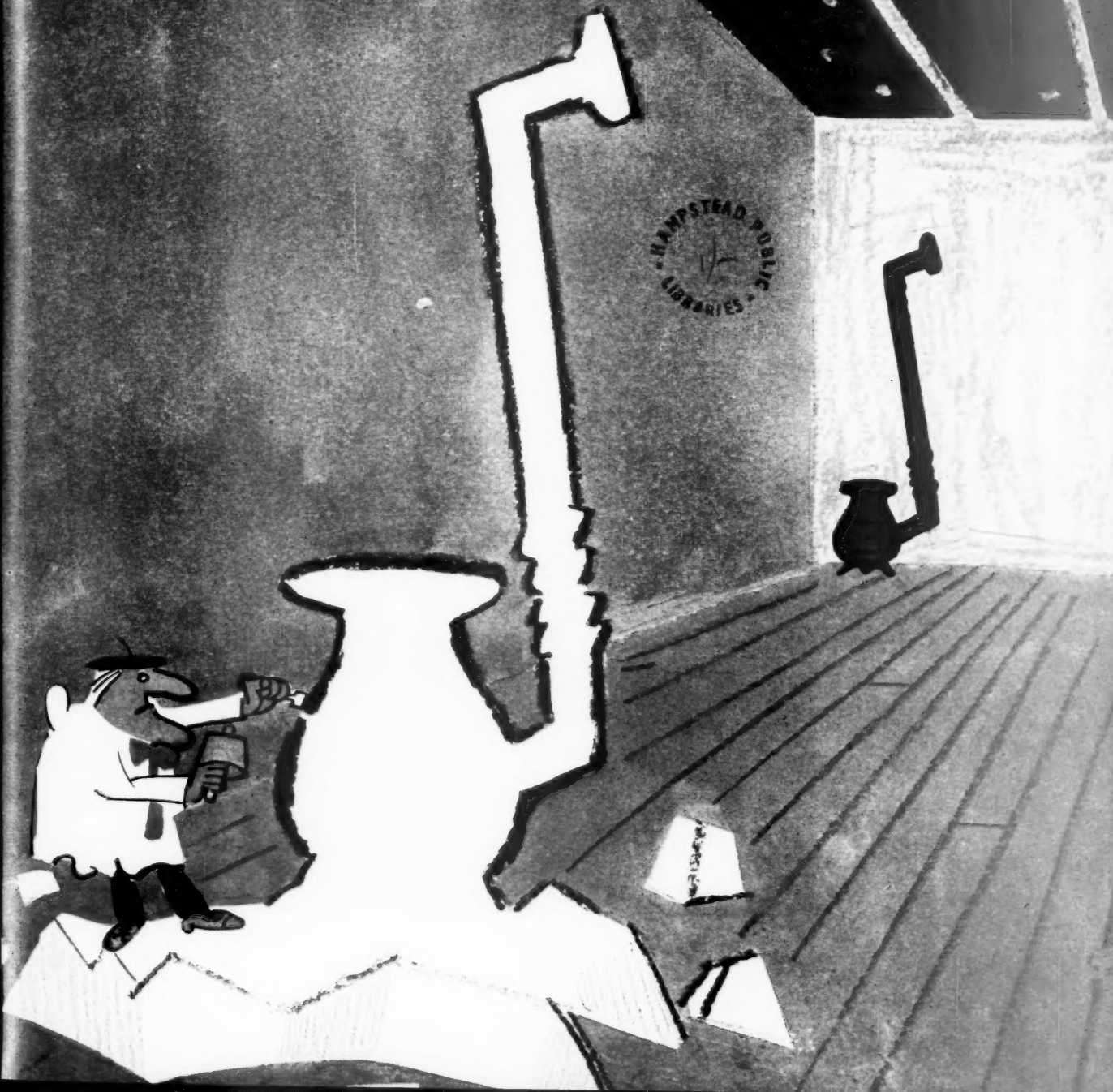


# Punch

9d





# December

Call upon your friend, John Citizen, any time this month and you are likely to encounter the living embodiment of Congreve's lines: invention certainly has flagged and his brain is worse than muddy, as 'black despair succeeds brown study'. He is not, as you might suppose from his attitude, considering some Machiavellian problem in chess. Indeed, he knows little about this most cosmopolitan of games. He takes the Giuoco Piano to mean some form of musical instrument, whilst the Sicilian Defence means nothing at all. No. Your friend is simply wrestling with the Christmas Present Problem. He can, however, take heart. The Midland Bank Christmas Gift Cheque is both Everyman's Opening and Impregnable Defence in this annual battle of (hitherto baffled) wits. And he—and you and everybody else—can buy these prestige-raising, reason-saving devices at any branch of the Midland Bank for the small sum of 1/- each, plus the amount you want to give.

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HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

# PUNCH

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\*For overseas rates see page 744

Postage of this issue, see page 721

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## CHARIVARIA

WEST EUROPEAN military men smiled bleakly when even M. Spaak was heard to say that the trouble with NATO was "too many divisions."

BRITISH industrialists are reported to have turned down a scheme proposed by the British Safety Council, under which workers would be subjected to subliminal messages such as "Guard that machine" and "Use that zebra." They say they'd prefer to change the messages to something more on the lines of "Tote that barge," "Lift that bale," etc., etc.

"With the compliments of the Oxford Committee on the UNESCO Major Project for the Mutual Appreciation of Eastern and Western Cultural Values."

*A compliments slip*

Thanks, OCUNESCOMPMAEWCV.

REPORTS that Germans spent £3,000,000 less on toothpaste last year suggest that they know they can drop those ingratiating smiles.

THE *Geographical Magazine* is offering to solve the looming gift problem in an advertisement headed "Give Your



Friends the Earth." In its present state we wouldn't give it to our worst enemy.

AMERICA, says General Albert C. Wedemeyer, supplied the Allied "orchestra" in the war with "practically all the instruments and most of the

musicians." This is what makes it such a pity that they weren't there for the overture.

LAST week's conference on the "Mechanization of Thought Processes" discussed the possibility of advanced electronic computers which would be



equipped for, among other things, "giving legal advice." Among the other things, of course, would be computing.

THOSE *Sunday Express* readers who turned smartly from the cold war news to the fashion page felt no better for learning that they were in for a return of "the old-time Russian boot."

It was friendly of the Russian Ambassador in Bonn to say that Germany would be able "to celebrate a quiet Christmas," but they still aren't completely confident that something won't come down the chimney.

SCIENCE may one day be able to control the pigmentation of the human skin, says an American doctor. Folks down south changed colour just at the news.

Lines written by the chairman of the committee investigating intrigues in the Amalgamated Engineering Union

**On First Looking into Chapman's Hoo-ha**

OFT of the A.E.U. had I been told  
That Brothers sometimes warred in this demesne;

Yet never did I guess the depth of spleen  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.





## Punch Diary

PAPERS filled with Labour Policy pamphlet, so tried to buy one. Bookstalls at London Bridge neither stocked nor seemed inclined to stock. None in Fleet Street shops or pitches. Secretary tried large bookshop and then Stationery Office. S.O. shocked at suggestion they might distribute political literature but gave an address. Wrong address but kindly meant. At right address she asked for pamphlet and was told, without undue geniality, that they published *lots* of pamphlets. Secretary explained it was the one in the news and right one thrust at her. All this needing investigation, rang up Transport House. Was told pamphlets there for anybody who wanted them—up to trade to come along and ask. Anyway, all would easily be disposed of through local parties. Didn't point out that this limited distribution to the converted: rang up W. H. Smith's, who said Smith's had certainly not banned the pamphlet. Perfectly ready to handle it—up to Labour Party to come along and ask. Continued faint and pursuing...

### Pulse Rate and Bank Rate

IN an awe-struck article on the Prime Minister's physique Mr. Chapman Pincher hints that Sir Stafford Cripps's devaluation of the pound was due to his ill-health. Presumably a Chancellor who was feeling as fit as a flea would have put the value of the pound up. This simple view of Cabinet government which treats highly technical group decisions as individual and psychosomatic is an interesting advance from the days of Bagehot and Anson. Stress diseases come in everywhere these days,

so, I suppose, sooner or later they were bound to turn up in discussions of Treasury policy. They will certainly brighten up political journalism: "When, following changes in his metabolism, Sir Winston Churchill put Britain back on the gold standard...", "A duodenal budget," or even "The cardiac warning given by the terms of the Foreign Secretary's treaty with France..."

### In the Money

TWO aspects of newspaper economics have been worrying me. How did the *Daily Telegraph* let itself in for a coy little £155 for television advertising in the first half-year, compared with some others' £92,000, £40,000 and £11,000? What can you buy on television for £155 beyond, say, a subliminal flash for nature notes or the text for to-day at the top of the personals? And why is the fact that 75 per cent of big-city directors read the *Evening Standard* (as opposed to a contemptibly lower figure for its two rivals) such a bull point in persuading us unmoneyed men to jump on the band-wagon? The desire to be mistaken for a City director is an understandable foible, but it seems to need more to carry off this act—formal clothes, a dividend warrant peeping from the breast pocket and knowledgeable gossip about amortization, for instance—than the mere bandying about of an evening paper in a crowded railway carriage, especially as in the wear and

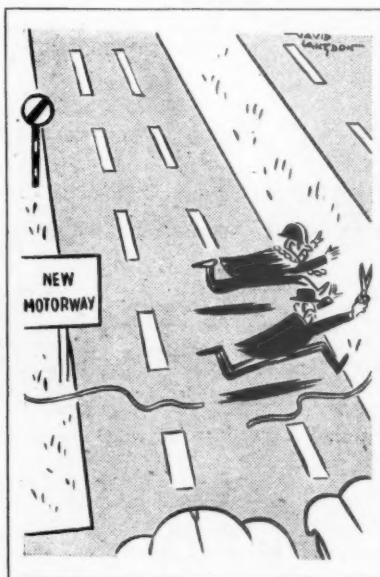
tear of reading it you have to turn over the pages, thus obscuring the title.

### More Things in Heaven and Earth

WHEN the B.B.C. came to broadcast a recorded discussion programme the other Friday evening the tape turned out to be blank. Someone, said a spokesman lamely, had washed the tape and washed out the programme. It may be thought that, in an ether thick with discussion programmes, an occasional half-hour of blank tape would not come amiss, though the B.B.C. took a different view and transmitted something else to fill the gap. But that is not the point I meant to make. The official explanation, limp though it was, may have satisfied many. A handful of science-fiction students discern a deeper significance. The mysteriously washed out programme was entitled "Should we leave the moon alone?" Was this an answer from those best fitted to give it?

### Ergonomic Christmas Cheer

ONE of the more endearing traits of the Council of Industrial Design is its resolute determination to remain human in the face of all those severely practical designers. The Christmas window-display at the Design Centre features Father Christmas and a reindeer; but they are, of course, designed on the best principles of ergonomics (a science known only to industrial designers, which treats of the proper relationship between Machine and Man). Father Christmas and his beast, as interpreted by George Him, have contrived to get themselves turned into display-cupboards with Christmas gifts on the shelves. A startling new light on the old gentleman is thrown by the appearance of three of his children; two of them (when last seen) ride on the reindeer's back and the third stands at his venerable father's feet. I hope this gay window will attract a lot of people into the Design Centre; it is a first-class place for choosing Christmas presents in. You choose: they tell you where to get it.



### SPORTING PRINTS

The fourth in Hewison's series of Sporting Prints appears on page 743:

PETER MAY





OUT OF SIGHT . . . ?

# THE NEW BOOK OF SNOBS



In 1846-7 Thackeray wrote "The Snobs of England" in *PUNCH*, later reprinted as "The Book of Snobs." In this series snobbery is brought up to date, but the title decorations are from Thackeray's own drawings.

## SPIKE HUGHES on Music



**M**USIC, like Love (which, of all things, it has been considered the food of), is a Many Splendoured Thing and for centuries has provided more many-splendoured opportunities for snobbery than the rest of the arts put together. Perhaps this is because although music was the last of the

Western arts to develop, it is the only one whose principal elements have always been instinctively and universally practised by the babies of all nations. Melody in its most basic vocal form is created by the infant when he cries, and rhythm when he bangs his rattle. Small wonder, then, that an art innate in the Common Baby at every stage of the development of the human race should inspire snobbery among those who, not altogether without reason, prefer not to be too closely entangled with the Century of the Common Man.

Like most kinds of snobbery, musical snobbery takes two forms: active and passive. The first is usually, but not always, the prerogative of the rich, while the second, being primarily a matter of non-participation, is something everybody can join in.

**THE CONCERT SNOB.** A good example of a type which combines both the active and passive forms of snobbery. Because he considers them altogether too plebeian and rough he will not go to the Promenade Concerts to hear even his most beloved piano concerto, but immediately the autumn concert season starts will spend a fortune to hear the same music in the Royal Festival Hall, played by the same soloist, under the same conductor with the same orchestra

he spurned so firmly during the Proms. He is suspicious of the Proms' informality; they are obviously trying to educate him without tears by encouraging him to wear an open-necked shirt and sing "Rule, Britannia!"

The Promenader, for his part, is also a considerable concert snob, a die-hard abstentionist counter-snob, who is never seen in a concert hall at any other time of year. Somewhere, deep down, the Promenader is convinced that to sit down to listen to music is putting on airs, a sign of bourgeois decadence—to be, in fact, a snob. Even deeper rooted is the apparent conviction that not only must music be listened to standing up but it must be listened to only during the summer. Not even Sir Henry Wood could lure the Promenader from whatever keeps him from going to concerts in the winter. All his attempts to reunite the summer regulars in a series of Winter Promenade Concerts failed dismally.

Perhaps more than any other form of snobbery in music, concert snobbery has least to do with music and most to do with environment, occasion and a choosiness about the people one would or would not be seen dead with in the same auditorium.

**THE OPERA SNOB.** Undoubtedly the noblest of them all, a snob of long standing, commemorated by Rowlandson and Cruikshank, and uniquely blessed among musical snobs by having by far the greatest and most varied opportunities for snobbery. What backstage gossip is there connected with a symphony concert, for instance? And if there were any, what snob value would it have? But you are sure of an attentive audience with the most trivial account

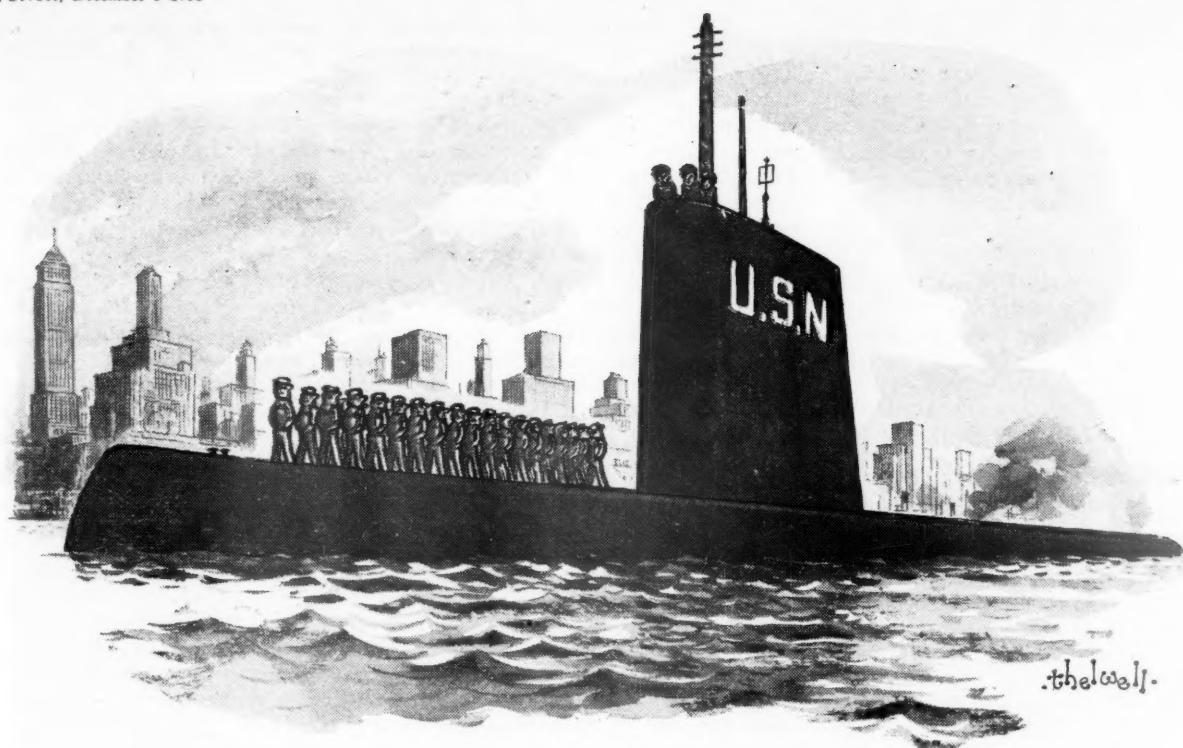
of what Mme. C—— said to the management that morning at rehearsal.

To be a successful back-stage-opera-gossip-snob is not easy for the beginner in opera snobbery, of course. It needs time, experience, money and high-class social and professional connections; but once he has qualified the opera-gossip snob is in a class envied by all.

Although economic conditions have changed since 1939 and there are no longer any Grand Seasons or box subscribers or tiaras at Covent Garden, a comfortable private income is still a help to the ambitious opera snob of



"Bad luck, old chap; we're having a teenage Santa this year."



*"I've got bad news for you men—we became obsolete during our record submersion."*

to-day, who must spend a great deal of every summer on the Continent travelling from one music festival to another. This enables him not only to boast acquaintance with a number of rarely performed operas (a well-fancied form of snobbery in its own right) but to have heard all the new singers before their appearance at Covent Garden, lamenting that a short-sighted administration should not have invited them long ago, and knocking their performance when at length they are invited, because by then, my dear, they are naturally long past their best. Continental experience of this kind qualifies the opera snob to speak with authority of the Golden Age of Singing, a subject he knows intimately from some very faint piping noises recorded acoustically by sopranos he is too young ever to have heard in person.

Although in the course of festival chasing the opera snob will hear Italian operas sung in German, and French operas sung in Italian, at home he remains the unshakable purist who can stomach nothing but opera sung in its original language. This snobbery is matched by that of the opera-in-English

school of counter-snob who prefers (and enjoys, he swears) hearing Lucy of Lammermoor tell us that:

"While thy salt tears are flowing,  
On the turf o'er me growing,  
I with the pow'rs of heaven  
Will intercede for thee,  
Fresh joy will heaven's bliss leaven,  
When there thy form I see."

(The translation is by Mr. Charles Lamb Kenny, perhaps a pseudonym of Mr. Cyril Fletcher.)

Among the passive opera snobs is one of such determined and ferocious non-participant convictions that he must rank as active: the snob who is resolved never to dress for a visit to the Royal Opera House but to wear tweeds and sandals to show that opera is no longer a social occasion (as if anybody had ever thought it could be at the time opera begins nowadays). It is only L.C.C. regulations, one feels, that prevent him smoking a pipe in the stalls as a defiant show of cultural independence. A haughty representative of the non-dressing snob was heard to observe acidly at Drury Lane during the first night of the recent Italian opera season that really it was ridiculous the way

people wore evening dress for what was—to judge by musical results—only a provincial company. As an old dressing-snob from way back I could have told him that most of the Drury Lane audience that night would barely have been allowed in at a first night in Catania, Leghorn or Lucca.

**THE EASY FAMILIARITY SNOB.** Addicted in his conversation to the frequent inclusion of carelessly-thrown-away foreign phrases (Fr., Ger., It.). Also to referring to Mozart's *Così fan tutte* simply as "Cosy," a quaint use which one suggests the Stratford snob might apply to Shakespeare's plays—"All's," "As," and "Much."

**THE JAZZ SNOB.** The most crazy mixed-up of all musical snobs; usually Left Wing, intensely intellectual, whose otherwise extensive education (Winchester and New College) has left him so utterly ignorant of any other kind of music that he cannot be regarded as slumming. He has nothing to slum from, as it were. His interest in jazz is sociological and anthropological. He hears in the crudest pre-electric New Orleans recordings the heart cries of the whole coloured race—an interpretation



which would have astonished the cheerful players who made the records and whose loudest heart cry was for the price of another bottle of bootleg gin. Any jazz that is pleasant to listen to, polished in execution, played for enjoyment, perhaps even by musicians who can read music, is beyond the pale. It is not "sincere." It is not Folk.

**THE FOLK-SONG SNOB.** Like the jazz snob, very rarely knows or cares about any other sort of music. Would rather hear a tape-recording of a crack-voiced yokel singing "Brigg Fair" than Delius's piece, and takes skiffle seriously as a manifestation of folk genius in action.

**THE "MUSICAL" SNOB.** Not a post-war phenomenon, as one might think, though the use of the term "musical" for "musical comedy" is new. Back in the 1920s this snob bored his friends to tears with records, smuggled in from the States, of the latest Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and Cole Porter shows. To-day, his LPs of *My Fair Lady*, *West Side Story* and *Jamaica* have been familiar for so long to so many that it hardly seems worth the gramophone companies' while to release them in the ordinary way. In spite of the advertisements for tickets in *Top People's* papers, however, the imported "musical" does not depend for success on the snob's support. Its bread and butter comes in coachloads from Luton, Wembley and Brentwood.

**THE GRAMOPHONE SNOB.** In the old days he lived with a machine which

dominated his home with a horn like a Titan's ear trumpet, he wound it up by hand and ceremoniously stopped a wooden needle after each record. This meant that the abridged recording of *Tristan and Isolde* took nearly seven hours to play. To-day he has even less room in the home—not that he dare move even if he could, for he is now permanently anchored to a geometrically-determined spot between three loud-speakers in order to enjoy "stereo." He also has a tape recorder. He is extremely musical and can tell the difference between Caruso and Sinatra in a flash just by the number of frequencies audible in his three loud-speakers from records played with a magnetic variable reluctance type of pick-up. His taste in records is very catholic, though he is happiest with the "stereo" demonstration record which brings an express train into the very room. This is regarded as a highly elevating artistic experience because you cannot get it in the concert hall.

**THE APPLAUSE SNOB.** There are two types, one active, the other passive, whose common nauseating bond is that they both mean well. The active Applause Snob applauds all arias on principle to make the visiting Italian singer feel at home. The passive, abstentionist Applause Snob sits on his hands to indicate that he regards dramatic illusion of paramount importance, that Verdi didn't know what he was talking about when he said that applause ought to be cued in to his

operas, and that so far as he—the Applause Snob—is concerned he has absolutely no intention of making any visiting Italian singer feel at home.

In the concert hall the English audience is united in its determination never to applaud between the movements of a concerto—the only audience in the world that denies the soloist the moment of relaxation he so badly needs and gets everywhere else. The English, so anxious that the spell should not be broken, greet the end of a movement with whispers, sniffs, coughs, chokes, blowing of noses, clearing of throats and rustling of programmes—actions which not only add up to far more noise than the clapping of hands but also ensure that the audience can relax its tension. The dedicated soloist, it is considered, should be above such things.

**THE THIRD PROGRAMME SNOB.** An unusual type, probably unique, for it is found on both sides of the microphone, the planner sharing with the listener a horror of anything that is not old and obscure. Third Programme announcers are also language snobs and, like most of their kind, suffer from over-zealousness. One was heard to pronounce the tri-syllabic noun of Puccini's Italian title, "La Rondine," in two syllables with a French accent, as though it was the opera of the film. Between them Network Three and the Third Programme offer admirable coverage of musical snobbery, catering for the Folk-Song, Jazz, Opera and Concert snob in a manner that is a credit to the B.B.C.'s sense of cultural responsibility. It seems churlish to complain that not even the Third Programme has been able to create a form of snobbery to apply to "Pop" music. But perhaps it has—by the establishment of a counter-snobbery. For what gives planners and listeners more pleasure than the feeling that the Third Programme is unchallenged top of the hit parade when it comes to the Pick of the Un-Pops?



"No biting, no gouging—best of three falls gets the armchair."

Other writers in this series will be:

TOM GIRTIN  
PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE  
SIRIOL HUGH-JONES  
HENRY LONGHURST  
THE REV. SIMON PHIPPS  
STEPHEN POTTER  
J. B. PRIESTLEY  
GEORGE SCHWARTZ  
GWYN THOMAS  
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

# No Future for Me, Thanks

A Personal Reaction to

## The future LABOUR offers ME

THE future Labour offers me contains a book with the right-hand edges of the pages gouged out in deep loops so that the margins look like the cloisters of a cathedral stood on end. It is only fair that I should tell Labour right away that I am an archetypal floater electionwise, abstaining from voting first for this party and then for that; but I am not likely to be won over by a booklet this shape. The index is printed inside the cloisters instead of inside the cover, so that I can read it without opening the book; but by the time all the as-it-were pillars have become thoroughly dog-eared my desire to consult the index or even the items it refers to has melted away.

This is the future (a phrase I have borrowed from the Labour Party political broadcast on the telly last week): Hugh Gaitskell smiling with his thin lips like an elderly turtle whose mate has unexpectedly laid an egg. Of course even if in the future Mr. Gaitskell should become Prime Minister I shouldn't often have to see him smiling; the present Prime Minister seems to be smiling all the time, but I have never actually had to face it since I stopped being a parliamentary reporter three years ago. But this is the future too: a whole family of respectable workers, Dad, Mum, teenage Shirley and little Barry, all smiling away as industriously as Mr. Gaitskell and even more unconvincingly.

What are they smiling at? They are sitting in half-darkness with a glow illuminating them from just outside the right-hand confines of the picture. It cannot be the glow from a cosy fire of logs, because logs make smoke, and Labour (although they have not said so in their little book) is against smoke. How do I know this? It is only necessary to ask a member of that Party whether the other Party has done enough about the smoke problem to find out.

So they are either illuminated by the cosy glow of an electric heater or the cosy glow from the telly. It is probably the telly, showing a Labour Party political broadcast, as they are all looking away from it as they smile.

This is the future: a tough man in a cloth cap working with a shovel. His lips tremble on the verge of a smile, but he is

not actually smiling. He might well, though, because Labour is at pains to impress on him how safe his job is, and this is the future: masses of well-dressed and well-fed kiddies, including one with horn-rimmed glasses, Teddy-boy trousers and a Socialist smile, all going to Grammar schools, or if not to Grammar schools to Comprehensive schools to which

Labour will "extend the tradition and standards of the Grammar school." Labour will also send lots more kiddies to Technical schools, and increase the number of places in the universities (not yet important enough to rate a capital U).

In the circumstances the man with the shovel may indeed reckon that his job is safe, for no kiddies leaving Labour schools are likely to want to take up his kind of work, and he can go on shovelling and smiling away until he is ready to receive his £3-a-week pension with cost-of-living bonus.

Mum, a different Mum, but still with one girl child and one boy, smiles next about the improved hospital accommodation, the new approach to mental illness, the free chiropody service, and so on; and over the page a handsome youth in an Old Etonian tie smiles, perhaps, at the thought that in the future there will be no barriers of privilege and snobbery, and he will be able to engage in Trade like any working-class boy instead of flogging himself to death in a bank or an insurance office. The handsome teenage couple on the opposite page smile just as Socialistically, and why? —because this is the future: they are to have youth-clubs, hostels, camp-sites, playing-fields, swimming-baths and a whole lot more nationalized Cézannes and chamber-music.

Can you wonder that they all smile so much? The only trouble is that, Mr. Gaitskell excepted, in real life no one in the Labour Party ever smiles at all, or if they do they don't care to have it known. There they sit, in front of the most unimaginative television cameraman in the whole history of political broadcasting, and they look so earnest and so forbidding that one wonders whether perhaps this is the future: a world full of worry about how to rid the world of worry later on, and a façade of smiling photographic models on hire perhaps from the files of the *Daily Mirror*.

I do not ask for old port and over-ripe pheasant, or even to have my standard of living doubled in twenty-five years; but until the smiles of the voters seem to bear some relation to the mood of the votees, this is *not* the future as far as I am concerned. The half of the electorate that wants it is welcome. I will contract out.

B. A. YOUNG





## The Square Peg

By MONICA FURLONG

IT was a black day at Alderwell Atomic Station when word got round that popular Comus Smith was due for his nervous breakdown. Of course it was only because his stress tolerance was so remarkable that he had not got it over with months before. But while other, lesser men were steeped in tranquillizers he had never failed to put in a cheery appearance, pottering happily round the reactor, giggling over the beer and buns at wild week-end parties, and swapping his *Mirror* for the chief physicist's *Reveille*. For several weeks, however, his friends had been mentioning to one another that poor Comus Smith was, in the jargon of the day, "carrying a heavy load," and things came to a head one morning when a colleague casually mentioned C. P. Snow.

"I don't want to be interpreted!" cried Comus angrily, picking up his

bunsen burner and flinging it straight into the tank with the six-legged frogs. His colleagues were sympathetic and liberal with advice.

"Have your frontal lobes out, old boy," suggested one jolly-looking fellow. "Had mine done last year and I haven't had a worry since."

"Take up something," said another. "Stamps or love or one of those things. Or why not read thrillers in bed?"

"You don't understand," said Comus hotly, making a dramatic exit and then coming back rather quickly. ("Blast! now I've made the door-knob radioactive.") "You're just a lot of boors living in a cultural desert and I'm fed up with the lot of you."

"I simply don't know what came over me," said Comus later, chewing the cud with the resident psychiatrist. "I used to love my work. Why, only as

long ago as the Christmas Island *affaire* I thought myself the happiest man in the world. Travel, a low radioactivity count, work one loved—what else could one ask for from life?"

"Um—er—women?" suggested the psychiatrist, a shy man.

"I'm engaged to Joan Smithers, the morbid biologist, you know," said Comus. "I'm too much of a gentleman to discuss a woman, but I might just say that her abstract research is remarkable—quite remarkable. Very pretty indeed."

"Splendid, splendid," said the psychiatrist. "Now suppose you tell me your symptoms."

"Really I don't think I could," replied Comus blushing deeply.

"Come, come," said the psychiatrist, "you must remember that my interest in anything you have to say is a purely professional one. You won't shock me,



you know. I'm used to confessions, however sordid."

"Well," said Comus, "I'll tell you a few of my milder peculiarities and if that doesn't upset you I'll spill the rest of the beans. You know how any self-respecting scientist is careful not to read too much. Nevil Shute, Agatha Christie, *Reader's Digest*—that's about all he permits himself. In recent months," Comus hid his face in his hands and his voice emerged muffled and ashamed, "I've got through Shakespeare, the Metaphysicals, Thackeray, Flaubert, Stendhal, Proust, the entire Russian *oeuvre*, and a host of moderns. I suppose you would call it a kind of craving."

The psychiatrist so far forgot his professional etiquette as to raise an eyebrow.

"Dear me," he said.

"That's not all," went on Comus in broken tones. "There's art, too. I'm mad about Rembrandt and the Impressionists at the moment and I'm just getting a feeling for the Victorian painters. In fact one day I know I shan't be able to resist the temptation of taking French leave and nipping up to the Tate to look at 'Hope.'"

"Bad security risk," the psychiatrist noted in the margin of his casebook.

"And worst of all," Comus was utterly wretched by now, "I have become politically aware."

"Which party?" the psychiatrist asked, putting on his most broadminded expression.

"Hard to say," said Comus. "I like the public schools, abhor Free Trade, and yet could never bring myself to punch an Empire Loyalist in the face. I think that makes me an Independent."

"Dr. Smith," said the psychiatrist gravely, "I think I must tell you that yours is a very unusual case and one for which so far no cure has been found. It will get worse before it gets better. The only hope I see is for you to enter my clinic in the country and undergo a course of intensive treatment."

"Just like Celia Copleston," Comus returned unthinkingly, and then checked himself at the expression on the other's face. "Eliot, you know," he supplied sadly.

Comus was not an easy patient, for his sickness, as the psychiatrist had predicted, got worse before it got better. In its acute phase he organized a

### DESPERATE DAYS

THE Government were recently offering 20,000 tons of zinc for sale. If this strikes you as a heaven-sent solution to your Christmas present problem, hurry, hurry! (Min. of Supply, GERard 6933). On the other hand, you can't be certain that your friends need zinc. It's certain that they need PUNCH, and if you send us their name and address we will see that they get it. But hurry, hurry! all the same. Just return one of the order cards in this issue and we will do the rest.

Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 4d.; Canada 1½d.\* Elsewhere Overseas 4½d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner \* "Canadian Magazine Post" † "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

chamber ensemble among the patients, tuned in every night to the Third Programme, subscribed to the Beaverbrook Art Treasures Club and filed the magazine section of the *Sunday Times*. It was a painful sight for his former friends and colleagues when they dropped in at visiting hours eager for a chat about John Gordon or the week's strips.

"Culture," he would remark, "that's all I live for now," and they would go away reflecting sadly that it would be many a long day before he would be one of the gang at Alderwell again.

But hope came one April day when, as Comus remarked, the sky looked as if it had been painted by Dirk Bouts. Joan Smithers, the dear faithful creature, had continued to come week by week to endure Comus's strangely highbrow conversation, and that day she came as usual. She greeted Comus with the admirable absence of sentiment which her studies in Morbid Biology had encouraged.

"Perfectly splendid news, Comus, old thing," she said heartily. "You know that cutting bits out of the front of the brain often eliminates religious emotion and all that nonsense, don't you? Well Freddie Cardew of Balliol has just discovered that there is a loose bit that

flaps around at the side of the brain. Snip that off and you dispose at one fell swoop of inclinations for art, music, literature and the rest of the culture twaddle. He tried it out on the professor of English literature who wandered into his rooms one night, and he's been recommending undergraduates to read only the *Daily Express* ever since. It's put the university in quite a spot. But you can see there's hope for you yet."

"Ye-es," said Comus doubtfully.

"I mean, you do *want* to be cured, Comus, don't you? You must see that you're no use to man or beast as you are now."

"I suppose not," said Comus meekly. Joan had always frightened him.

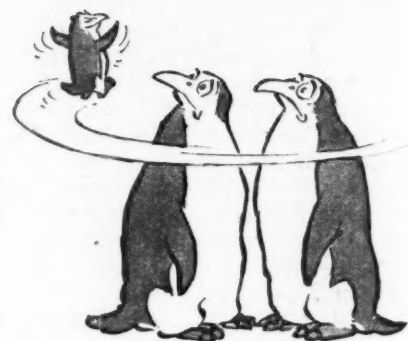
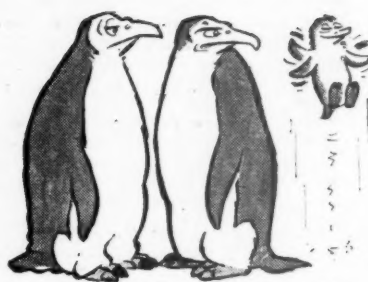
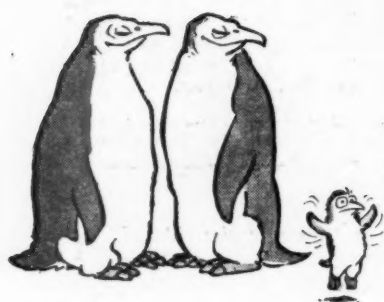
Freddie Cardew did a splendid pruning job on Comus and the cure was miraculously quick. By the following week he was back at Alderwell roaring beery choruses with the boys on Saturday nights, reading the popular comics and declaring that the rest of the world could go hang (or bang).

"What's the most beautiful thing you can think of?" his friends used to say just to tease him.

"Anything," Comus would reply, "so long as it's shaped like a mushroom."



ROY DAVIS



## Camera Study: Memos to an Editor

By R. G. G. PRICE

1. Yesterday was simply one of those uniquely damnable things: I never got a picture at all. Sir James was to be looking quizzical at something he was boiling in a test-tube while a large, squarish sort of machine fairly shook in the background. Unhappily the stuff he was boiling didn't behave according to the rules. It kept attracting his attention and then he looked all frowns and so gloomy you felt he might be quite ready to blow everybody up just to get away from it all. He began to go wandering off to find more things to put into the tube and it became quite painfully obvious I just was never going to get a sitting out of him. Next time I shall have him playing chess in a library.

2. I am so glad you liked the yawning costermongers. They do make one feel what the foundations of the country are like, don't they? I am stricken that the little yellow ambassador won't be ready for Sunday. I had him all relaxed smoking a cigar in jodhpurs with one leg over the arm of a club chair, when one of his boys in fancy dress came in and delivered a message saying that his government had banned Western ways. Now he refuses to be taken unless he is growing rice, and that means getting Kew to help, and unless the F.O. will play I feel I just simply cannot cope.

3. That odd-looking thing by the

Minister's left hand is where I had to take out a frame with a seaside postcard in it. His secretary has to put a fresh one in every day, some theory about keeping the common touch. The files they use in his department aren't photogenic so I've got him reading a press handout from the Royal Court I happened to have with me.

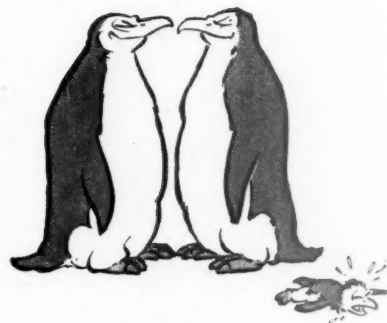
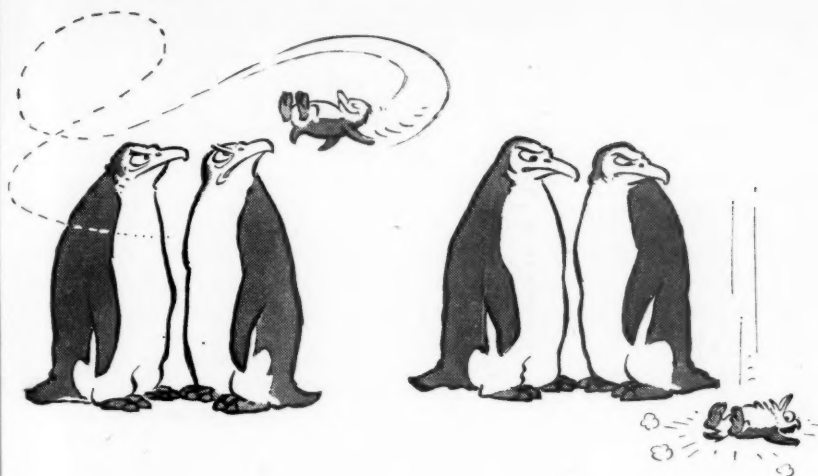
4. Thank you for being so sweet about the cows.

5. You may notice that the Air Marshal is wearing odd socks. I spotted it too late to do anything but mightn't you put a bit in the profile thing saying how absent-minded he is in everything that does not concern the safety of Britain? He insisted on swinging the golf-club on the tiger skin. I wanted to have him being struck by an aerodynamic idea while playing with paper darts but he is bestially obstinate. I suppose that is how he became an Air Marshal.

I am thinking of doing a Self-Made Man next week, going round his model herd perhaps. I think it is time we had a camera study with a broad, corrugated face on shoulders that slope slightly upward. We also need ears that show well full face. If you could make some suggestions I should be overpoweringly grateful. The only self-made man I can think of at the moment looks like a Cecil and spends his week-ends painting fans.

6. What happened was that just as I posed the damn earl in the ingle-nook the chairman of the Red Cross rang him up and gave him hell for being late with some accounts. That gave him the hunted look which comes out so horribly well. I was hoping to balance the aristocrat and the geophysicist. I asked him whether there was any kind of instrument he could be taken squinting through but apparently he spends most of his time doing sums to prove other people's facts wrong. He offered to use a slide-rule, but that does not hide the face much. Anyway, I didn't want him to look like Larry Adler. I tried touching up to turn alarm into intelligence, but I am afraid it was not a success; now he looks foxy. What about saying he was always called "Foxy" at school?

7. I myself thought it was odd that there was hardly space for one more dart, but the chaps assured me that the board looked just as it always does by the end of a match. They did not like being made to wear hats, but all those bald heads would have ruined the lighting. I can't imagine why that extraordinarily thin man is wearing footer boots. The little dark chap in the corner is Svcz, the refugee photographer. He was following me with a sociological study. We made a deal: he would look sound in my picture and I would look deprived in his.



HARGREAVES.

Do you think it would be possible to bring off a scoop and have the P.M. and the Archbishop together? You have been frightfully kind to both of them lately. I see them snipping off the heads of roses in a pergola.

8. The meeting of the Royal Commission was sheer rack and thumb-screws. They were supposed to be taking an intelligent interest in a witness who was out of the picture; but they were obviously riven by the most deadly feuds and they kept scowling and muttering at each other and showing their neighbours caricatures of the

chairman on their blotting-paper. The Dame wore a veil, the Life Peeress cuddled a small dog. The secretary kept on about security. I shall have to fake it from stills.

9. Do you think the time has come to vary the series by some shots from what my nurse used to call Other Lands? I thought perhaps the Burgundian harvest, one of the Roman Princes, the skipper of one of the luxury Greek yachts and a film star eating rich food in the sun. Of course, that this will require a certain liberalization of the expense-sheet.

## Peak Listening

*Switzerland's last manually-operated telephone exchange has been converted to automatic dialling.*

SOMETIMES the Swiss are Germanic  
Or Italian or French;

It's when they're just Swiss that I panic—  
Un-Tell-like I blench

As they yodel from boulder to boulder . . .

There is beauty, it's clear,  
In the eye of this British beholder  
But a plug in his ear.

The voice-switch from tenor to small girl  
Is an undeserved trial

Now that the Jungfrau's a call girl  
And Dent Blanche has a dial:

The Teutonic efficiency lurking  
In the Alps is on top—

So, with *Selbstanschlussfernsprecher* working,  
Couldn't yodelling stop?

ANTHONY BRODE

## LETTERS

*To the Editor of Punch*

SIR,—The Toby competitors, justifying their £2,000 claim for expenses to the Inspector of Taxes, might be interested to hear a taxpayer's retort to income tax officials at Washington, U.S.A. Asked for his return *re* charitable donations, the man explained: "You can rest assured that I gave more money to charity than my cheque stubs show. I do not openly keep track of all the money I give because the Bible tells us not to give alms in the sight of other men."

Yours faithfully,  
Lytham, Lancs. ARTHUR WOOD

*To the Editor of Punch*

SIR,—Mr. Paul Reilly, who wrote on snobbery in design, will no doubt be delighted to hear that I have smashed up my late Georgian walnut settee with the back of Fulham tapestry, and that my small silver Gesso table made first-rate firewood. I have replaced these and other similar pieces of furniture with popular modern furniture, my great pride and joy being a fine two-tone easy chair upholstered in a gleaming washable plastic. In the meantime I await your instructions as to the best methods for disposal of my pictures by Stubbs and Blake. Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM J. HOPKINS  
Stockport, Cheshire

*To the Editor of Punch*

SIR,—I was more than pleased to see a letter from a reader admiring the drawings of the late George Morrow. Like your correspondent I have been a constant reader of *Punch* for many years and I am still hoping that a collection of George Morrow's drawings might be published.

Yours faithfully,  
MARY M. GLASSFORD  
Sydney, Australia





"They're already being held up."

## Adventures in "Video"

By A. P. H.

IT all began with the strangest cable that ever crossed the Atlantic:

"WE STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF A GREAT AMERICAN RENAISSANCE OF THE NOBLE GAME OF SKITTLES WE HAVE THE SKITTLES WE HAVE THE BEER WE CAN SMELL THE CHEESE BUT ALAS WE DONT KNOW HOW TO PLAY THE DARNED GAME WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO CABLE AT OUR EXPENSE THE RULES NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO CAN PLAY SYSTEM OF SCORING ETC SO THAT WE MAY RESUME THE CLASSIC UNRUFFLED ENJOYMENT NOTED IN THE DICTIONARY AND THE EDUCATIONAL IMPROVEMENT REFERRED TO IN TOM BROWNS SCHOOL DAYS\* ROBERT F MURPHY UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION NEW YORK." (REPLY PAID £5.19.6D.)

As an old member of the Consumers'

\*"Life isn't all beer and skittles... but beer and skittles... must form a good part of every Englishman's education."

Foundation, Haddock, of course, went to America very soon. All was arranged, on behalf of the Brewers' F., by an energetic gentleman named John Dunn, who spends his life on the long-distance telephone. I was not surprised when, one day out from England in the *Queen Elizabeth*, they roused me from a merited nap and told me that Mr. Dunn was coming through on the ship's radio-telephone. He said hastily "Would you speak to Miss Poll, our radio representative?" Miss Poll said sweetly across the waves "Mr. Haddock, can you sing any old English ballads?" "Of course," I said, and gave her a few staves of poor "Tom Bowling." "Splendid," she said, and mentioned Somebody's programme, but whose I could not catch. "What's more," I

continued (I had had a good lunch and was only half awake), "I can sing 'Father's got 'em—Father's got 'em—Father's got 'em coming on again: 'E's running round the 'ouses without 'is shirt and trousers—Father's got 'em very bad again.'" Miss Poll laughed so long that it must have cost Mr. Dunn a lot of dollars. She said she had never before held an audition in the *Queen Elizabeth*. I said "For that matter, I have never sung across the Atlantic before." We were getting on very well, and I was just going to give her "There was once a poor young man" when Mr. Dunn, who was paying, intervened. I was left vague about the whole episode.

The explanation was that Miss Poll, on behalf of the Brewers' F., was determined to get me on to two "top"

Video shows. One big idea was to make me play skittles: the other was to make me "sing." I have never sung on any screen, and I can't imagine how the plan arose.

One big thing about American Video seems to be that, for the visitor, they don't bother much about rehearsals. They simply send you a pleasant representative (who can use a Dry Martini too). He, or she, cross-examines you, and reports the kind of thing you say. If the report is good, the next thing you know you are on the air—"alive."

The Arthur Godfrey show sent me a charming emissary with the kindling name of Josephine Nelson. She too was filled with the fantastic notion that I could, and would, sing in public. Inspired, perhaps, by her name, I sang to her the sweet old ditty "The Lass That Loves a Sailor." I also gave her "Father's got 'em," but Miss Nelson said that that might shock America.

The other wonder in American TV is the stamina of all concerned. I have been told that there is TV all round the twenty-four-hour clock. I never tested this: but the Dave Garroway show goes on from 0730 to 0900 on, I think, five days a week; and mucking about begins at 0530. It is a pleasant miscellany of short and unexacting bits and pieces.

After two long days of skittles, photography, and Audio interviews, speeches and a birthday dinner (68), one did not feel so hot. Nor did Mr. Dunn. But we dutifully rose at 0430. The skyscraper spires were dark. New York slept. But we were on the job. At 0530 we reported and were introduced. Nothing more happened till 0830. For three long hours we sat, slouched, slept, and wondered at the ways of Video.

At 0830 I was summoned to the studio and beheld in a daze nine shiny skittle pins under a bright light. With true American thoroughness they had laid out in linoleum the exact form of a skittle alley, measurements all correct. The pins were nearly right, but not quite. Right or not, I did not feel like knocking them down at 0830 on an empty stomach before three million people. My task was not made easier by the microphone they hung about my neck at the end of a long black flex. Moving about the studio, you hold up the flex, as the ladies used to hold their skirts. This is well enough if you are merely chatting; but not if you are

preparing to throw an awkward ten-pound "cheese" twenty-one feet through the air. Moreover, the flex lay across the alley, in the line of throw. The antics necessary to solve this problem may well have held six million eyes attentive. Never did a turn so much demand rehearsal.

I confronted the nine bright pins. It was a truly terrible moment. To do a "flooer" (all down with one throw) you must hit the front pin in the right spot on the right shoulder. But there are about twenty inches between the pins, and my small "cheese" was only ten inches wide. It is quite possible to throw a very good ball which misses the front pin by only a centimetre and passes through, leaving all the nine pins standing. The expert knows that it was a good shot and might easily have cleared the floor. But to the six million untaught eyes it would look damn silly. This, in all the grim circumstances, was what I feared would happen. The good name of my country was in my hands. Looking back over the whole history of individual athletic endeavour I cannot think of an occasion so dramatic and difficult. Sleepless, foodless, festooned with flex, I prayed to all the saints of Skittles, I concentrated, I *threw*.

And, glory be, I hit that front pin beautifully, and nearly had them all down. Honour was saved.

At 0930 we had a little breakfast, and at 1100 we reported to the Arthur Godfrey show. A band was playing. A young lady was singing (a different tune). Mr. Godfrey was ruminating. His producer said "What are you going to sing?" Too tired to protest any more, I said "'The Lass That Loves a Sailor'—for Miss Nelson. But," I went on, "there's one note—an E flat—that always bothers me. I got up at 0430, and I had a birthday dinner last night.

I wonder if one of your young ladies could help me out." You can imagine what our dear B.B.C. would have said to such a proposal. But the producer said "Certainly," as if it were the most natural request in the world. He went out and came back with a young Brazilian nightingale, who had very little English. The band was still playing, the other girl was still singing. Under cover of the din I explained to Brazil just where the E flat came. Then we were on the air.

Mr. Arthur Godfrey's famous Program is another miscellany, with a cosy family atmosphere. Mr. G. is a comfortable character with a home-made-honey voice. He rambles entertainingly and at any moment may seize a guitar and sing "Waiting at the church," or some such ditty. We chatted about my past. He said "I hear you're going to sing." I said "Do you know 'Father's got 'em'?" But we were interrupted by a "commercial." I secretly suspect that Miss Nelson showed him a red light from the control room.

Then, without further argument I sat down at the piano and "sang" "The Lass That Loves a Sailor." Little Brazil stood by me. When we approached the E flat I nodded my head, she piped the one word "goes," I said "Thank you," and continued the song. This seemed to me a natural and sensible arrangement; but it caused enormous and, I feel, unseemly laughter in the studio, and I believe, the control-room. What pleased me was that Mr. Godfrey had no idea what was going to happen. Our third verse, they say, cut out a "commercial." What he would have done if we had insisted on singing seven I don't know.

So, you see, if you want to become a successful "vocalist" on Video, there is an easy way. Play skittles.



## Thoughts on Down Under

IAN PEEBLES *inspects the wicket in Australia, and* BERNARD HOLLOWOOD *adds a pictorial footnote*



"Back in England they'll be still in bed . . .



. . . fast asleep, dreaming of the Test and a fighting backs-to-the-wall display.

IF you ask an Australian friend how your cricket team is doing and he replies that at stumps they were two for nine, and adds that he has just left the Oval, do not panic. He means that at the close of play your team has lost two wickets in making nine runs—not, as you might suppose, made two runs and lost nine wickets. Nor has he, through sun or excitement, fallen prey to a delusion that he has been to Kennington. In Australia all cricket grounds are Ovals, and are tended not by groundsmen but by curators. Wonderful cricket grounds they are too. In recording a few brief thoughts on seeing them once more it is perhaps best to keep one's impressions in the order received.

The M.C.C. now invariably kicks off at Perth, which boasts a vast playing area and, on occasions, the fastest wicket in Australia. There is also plenty of space around, but the stand accommodation is considerably less than that of rival centres, which is at times a sensitive point. For many of the citizens think the time is ripe when Perth should have a Test Match instead of Sydney and Melbourne being given a second in alternate series. This naturally meets with some brisk opposition in these quarters, but it is a question on which the visiting fireman is well advised to say nowt. At least by listening he learns some interesting

things, such as the fact that Perth is separated from the next city by a greater distance than is any comparable community on earth. This, needless to say, has a different significance for each side in the argument.

The distant but next-door neighbour is, of course, Adelaide, where is enthroned the Queen, or certainly the Beauty Queen, of Australian cricket grounds. The area itself is most comely, with its trim grey, red-roofed stands flanked by green banks and trees. The cathedral, standing on a hill to the west, may be obscured from certain parts of the members' stand by the large and highly efficient score board; but if the spectator raises his eye from the play it travels over the lush, almost subtropical, vegetation, to the gracious line of the Mount Lofty Range, fifteen miles away. If he be a Celt his soul may well wing onwards another twelve to the hills of Strathmore which the Mount Lofties so closely resemble.

If you have a taste for the straight drive you had best take in your heaviest bat at Adelaide, for the distance between the screens is about two hundred and eight yards. It used to be longer when a cycling track surrounded the turf. The other day a most knowledgeable Adelaiddian pointed to a bench just behind the rails saying that it stood on an historic spot. Long ago, in 1901, Clem Hill, fresh from his ninety-nine in the



I mustn't let 'em down. I can't.



In Fleet Street they'll be taking down every run. I can see the headlines . . .



'Baverley to the Rescue' . . .



'Baverley's Great Innings' but Invaluable'. Yes, it's . . .



Melbourne Test, had reached ninety-eight on this ground when he struck Braund so high and far that Johnny Tyldesley, at long on, was forced on to the track where he made the catch. Seeing the batsman departing this ever fair-minded Lancastrian ran towards him, shouting that he had caught it on the track so it could not be out. When within earshot he received a grateful, if torrid, reply to the effect that the track was within the legal area. Some will remember that Hill got ninety-seven in the second innings, so might, with some justification, have thought himself a bit hardly done by all round.

The approach to the Melbourne cricket ground is also one of great beauty. The traveller can walk through the park with its trees and grass, exquisite masses of flowers and colour. He may even pause at Captain Cook's cottage (transported and rebuilt brick by brick) to pay homage. His first view of the ground will be in somewhat striking contrast to this pastoral scene.

Melbourne is a vast amphitheatre surrounding and almost overpowering a huge circular playing area. In deference to police requirements the accommodation is limited to 105,000, but the magnificent new stand alone seats 43,000 people, or rather more than any English ground can take when jam packed. In the old days the playing field dropped as much as nine feet from end to end, so that Ray Lindwall would always prefer to bowl down the hill, whatever the position of the wind. The major works carried out in preparation for the 1956 Olympic Games have reduced the

drop to four feet, so the problem is now eased. What the effect of this upheaval has had on the wicket is not yet fully apparent.

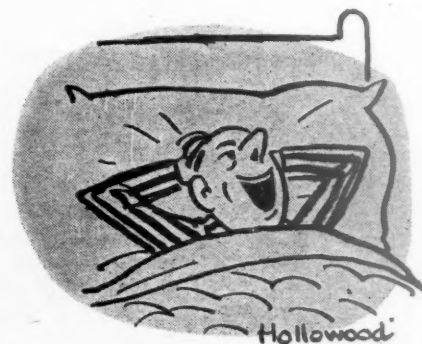
Comparisons are perhaps more than ever odious when drawn by a guest, but it is only honest to say that many who have played on it consider Sydney the best cricket ground in Australia, maybe in the world. It has all the qualities which go to make good cricket—a perfect wicket, beautiful light, a spacious and smooth outfield and first class accommodation. Not least, it boasts the Hill, the spiritual home of all barrackers. There is every amenity for the player, including an adjacent and full-sized practice ground on which many of Australia's greatest have first shown their youthful paces in the hopes of impressing the critics. It was here that a distinguished panel were mildly amused by the bucolic unorthodoxy of a young man from Bowral, named Bradman. Their mood was tempered to one of reflection when Arthur Mailey pointed out that, after ten minutes' play, no ball bowled had reached the back of the net.

Brisbane differs from these other grounds in that it is the most Northern, and being sub-tropical, the vegetation and climate are rather more exotic. When it rains in earnest it doesn't matter awfully whether the groundsman gets there in time with the covers or not, for in a very few minutes they can be floating around on a respectable depth of water. This is of course unusual, and for the most part it is a green and perfect wicket.

As one whose knowledge of grass is limited to the fact that it is green and, inconveniently, needs cutting once a week, I was interested to learn something of the physical characteristics of those grounds from an expert, Mr. Watt, who recently left the Sydney ground to re-establish the Melbourne turf. The grass used on all is couch (pronounced kooch, as the proper name for a sofa in Scotland). It thrives on sun and constant cutting produces a very fine texture. Each ground has its own sub-soil brought from neighbouring districts, Bulli at Sydney, Merri Creek at Melbourne and Athelstone at Adelaide, and it is laid on the table to a considerable depth—eighteen inches at Sydney. Even so Australian pitches generally seem to suffer from the same creeping malady as our own. They seem to grow progressively slower. Would geologists or botanists, or both, combine to find the explanation and supply the answer? It is very important to the future of cricket.

"But after the past two days I confess to wondering whether it might not be as well to bring an additional spinner. I do not believe that Tattersall, Mortimore, or Illingworth would get many wickets, but if one of them were to come he could take some of the load from Laker and Lock..."  
*The Times' Cricket Correspondent, Nov. 17th*

"My own view... is that this is an unnecessary move. Lock, at any rate, thrives on bowling, and Mortimore's arrival will overload the attack. If Mortimore, who has got a good many of his wickets on the spinning turf at Bristol, is anything but a hack out here many of us will be pleasantly surprised."  
*The Times' Cricket Correspondent, Nov. 18th*



...reat Innings but  
Yes, it's...

... up to me. The openers  
have failed and we've no  
tail to speak of.

In another hour they'll be waking up,  
switching on, and saying 'Thank  
goodness we've still got...'

"Ah, Saturday again and good old soccer."

## Toby Competitions

### No. 45—21 Plus

**PROVIDE** the first three questions for a practical examination in Modern Citizenship.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, December 12, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 45, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

### Report on Competition No. 42 (Fame)

Competitors were invited to provide a nickname and brief biography for an imaginary character in English history; the model was "Single-speech" Hamilton. A robust and amusing entry was forthcoming. The eighteenth century was, properly, most favoured and admirals best endowed with nicknames; M.P.s and the future were also fairly popular.

The prize goes to:

D. A. PIKE

NEWTON FARM

WHITEPARISH

SALISBURY, WILTS

for this worthy:

**TUDOR, THOMAS** ("Popularity" Tudor), born 1556 into a cadet branch of the Tudors. Elizabeth I saw in his robust personality and strong family likeness an opportunity to establish the Elizabethan Legend and replace her on all the heartier public occasions. Eventually her immense popularity whenever he played the Queen roused her jealousy. In 1588 Tudor indiscreetly told cheering troops at Tilbury that he had a man's stomach, claiming it was a king's. Secretly arrested on charges of high treason and *lèse-majesté*, he wisely pleaded guilty without benefit of question and was beheaded.

The following (though it is doubtful whether Eccles is, in the fullest sense, an imaginary character) were well in the running and earn book tokens:

**PROFESSOR "NONCOGGY" ECCLES** (1905-1984), in a single thesis ended the development of philosophic thought. His principle, *sum sed non cogito*, maintained that those who denied his being could not argue with him, and that cogitation was not verifiable empirically. Cambridge "non-cogitists" took from Oxford the lead in philosophic nihilism. Television popularized Eccles' ideas, freeing people from the shackles of thought-imposed disciplines. Crime and drunkenness, no longer seen as "problems," ceased to give concern. Anxiety over nuclear warfare ended once people stopping "thinking" about it. Eccles' theories were widely accepted at the time of the annihilation. (*Martian Encyclopedia*).—F. H. Townshend-Rose, 111 Thornbury Road, Osterley, Middlesex

**THOMAS GREENACRES** (1751-1851): The dominating passion in the life of "Get-my-Goat" Greenacres was a dislike of the tithe system. This West-Country farmer once bellowed to the parson's man: "Tell your master that although he wants my pig he's going to GET MY GOAT!" He then handed over a mangy, decrepit goat which, before dying a fortnight later, virtually cleared the clergyman's glebe of grass and ate fifteen sermons. Greenacres lived to be a hundred and never paid tithe again. One of his last acts was to offer a goat to the organizers of the Great Exhibition.—Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

**"CLAM" DAWKINS**: George Edward Dawkins (1890-1958), eccentric twentieth century Service chief and politician who could not be persuaded to write his memoirs.—Mrs. G. M. Aitken, School House, East Coker, Yeovil, Somerset

**"THE KING'S PERSUADER"**: a Franciscan friar named Alaric (?-1508) whose job it was to persuade the people that Richard III did not murder the Princes in the Tower. Discovered taking refuge in the bush in which the royal crown was found after the battle of Bosworth, he was engaged by Henry VII for the same purpose. Failure to be sufficiently convincing, however, led to his being seen for some years after, on Saints' Days, taking the discipline and bewailing his fall from grace at the place now known as Friar's Cross.—James Keenan, Ward One, Barrowmore Hospital, Gt. Barrow, Chester

**"JUBILEE" JONES** became a well-known figure in the British Army during the first World War. Although already a colonel in 1914, he chanced never to have seen active service and consequently his only decoration was Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Decoration, earned by commanding troops lining the Strand on that historic occasion. 1914 brought his great opportunity and rapid promotion. He made a name for himself by his insistence that the soles of his soldiers' boots should be polished as well as the uppers.—George Linfoot, 21 Rosparvah Gardens, Hea Moor, Penzance

**"STIFF-LIP" MELTON**: Lord Melton (fl.1450), Lancastrian Courtier; carrier of much calamitous news to, chiefly, Henry VI; well-known for his great emotional control, he never gave way to despair but always counselled fighting back hard if possible. Perhaps a serious man, he smiled only whilst at cards. First noble to venture with success into industry (swords, pikes and armour).—J. Porter, 2 Chesham Road, Amersham, Bucks.

**"LEFT" WRIGHT**: Will Wright (circa A.D. 50), by Royal Appointment Wheelwright to H.M. Queen Boadicea and Labour Member of Piltdown R.D.C., revolted by the English Middle-of-the-Road policy, secretly shod the wheels of the royal chariots with an inches-thicker iron tyre, so increasing the total diameter and giving a pronounced right-hand oversteer unless the near-side wheel ran in the lower gutter or soft shoulder of the roads; thus founding the English Rule of the Road—"Drive on the Left."—Eric Edwards, 25 Weststone Lane, West Kirby, Wirral, Cheshire

... He added that if the mother had taken other action she might have cost the State a lot of money by placing the children under the car of the county council.

*Express and Star, Wokerhampton*

Saved it, surely.

## CHESTNUT GROVE

G. L. Stampa drew for *Punch* from 1894 until his death in 1950. Here is the precursor of the joke about models and modern art.



Advanced Artist (to Model). "THIS IS GREAT. YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR FOR YEARS."

February 5 1930



*Georgia and Louisiana under the microscope of a man who knows them well by hearsay.*

10

#### DEAR OLD SOUTHLAND

THEY were pulling my leg in Virginia.\* The Civil War was not fought entirely in that State, and I saw cannon in Georgia to prove it, not to mention some genuine, guaranteed Confederate trenches in Battlefield Park, Jackson, Miss., a jagged hole torn by General Sherman's bombardment at the base of a lamp-post in Atlanta, and the hulks of three Federal gunboats sunk in the Yazoo River and still visible at low water. (One of the cannon was double-barrelled, and four separate people told me that it was the only double-barrelled cannon in the whole, etc., etc. I'm not surprised it didn't catch on: it looked cumbersome to me. That was in a place called Athens, Ga., where they make fertilizer.) Besides, if the whole war took place in Virginia, one might be inclined to ask what all those people were doing marching through Georgia, hurrah, hurrah.

The fact is that Georgia is very old, and has nearly as much history behind it as Virginia, or even Northumberland. There are people living in Georgia to-day who could trace their ancestry

\* If it comes to that, I have my doubts about one or two things they told me in New York, now that I look back on them. For example, there must surely have been something fishy about the claim that New York is the only city in the world which exports baseball teams?

back to the Mound Builders, if they would only stir themselves and start making some inquiries. These Mound Builders built mounds in Georgia in prehistoric times, because it was all they were good at. (Some of their music is still on record, played by the Mound City Blue Blowers.) After a while they went away and were succeeded by the Creek and Cherokee Indians, who lazed about half naked, smoking, until the English sent out a man called Oglethorpe to start a colony and see if there was anything worth lifting. "Oh God," said the Creeks and Cherokees resignedly, knocking out their pipes, "here comes the British." So General Oglethorpe was appointed military commander-in-chief, Wesley came out hot-foot to preach, and everything went from bad to worse in typical historical fashion, until people as far away as Boston, Mass., were emptying tea into the Atlantic and supplementary questions were being asked in the House.

George Washington spent a good deal of his time during the ensuing *fracas* being entertained in stately *ante bellum* mansions all over Georgia, and so did Lafayette, a curly-headed French lad who came out to seek a bubble reputation and be like a son to Washington. Washington kept on throwing his arms around him, a style of soldierly behaviour which does not seem to have much impressed General Patton during his formative years—possibly because it is no longer included in the curriculum at West Point.

After the British had been cleared out

there was a period of calm, during which the good people of Georgia devoted themselves to the task of perfecting their southern accents so that there would be no misunderstandings when the Civil War started. In due course General Sherman arrived, breathing fire and slaughter, and I was assured that they will not forget him in a hurry in these parts: quite apart from the incident with the lamp-post, he burned Atlanta to the ground without so much as a by-your-leave before setting out on his epic march to the sea—and in the course of that he went out of his way to make a shambles of every town of any note in the State. (Sherman's drive to the sea, incidentally, was launched from Chattanooga, Tenn., and while I was there I naturally paid a visit to Union Station, knowing that Chattanooga is famous for its rolling stock, referred to locally as choo-choos. You may imagine my surprise when I found that they still have an old wood-burning locomotive there called *The General*, which played a significant part in delaying Sherman's Georgia campaign. It was captured by Union raiders near Atlanta, you may remember, and recaptured by Buster Keaton in the penultimate reel. It looks as good as new.)

By the time the nation's domestic differences had been resolved, four-fifths of Georgia's wealth had vanished, and the Northern army of occupation soon polished off the remainder. One way and another, I was not at all surprised to find, chalked on a wall in a Colonial-style vacant lot in Jonesboro,



Ga., the dreaded inscription: YANKS GO HOME!

Still, you can't keep these Southerners down. They may not say much, and what they do say they're inclined to say slowly, but they get things done, and it wasn't long before Georgia was back on its feet again. The lack of slaves hampered them at first, but once they had got used to the idea of shelling their own peas they soon began to prosper. And in 1886, when somebody in Atlanta finally managed to uncover the secret (long hidden from mankind) of how to make Coca-Cola, thus ushering in a new era and a way of life that has triumphantly survived two world wars and the development of the sliced loaf, things really started to move. Georgia to-day is a thriving State, and as I drove across it, the wheels of my convertible squelching deliciously through the peaches that keep falling from the trees in sackfuls, I was enthralled by the cleanness of the air, the grace and politeness of the people, and the swimming-pool in the Franklin D. Roosevelt State Park, which is made in the shape of the Liberty Bell. Georgia is also noted for peanuts, tobacco, sewer pipes and chenille bedspreads. The maximum speed permitted is 60 m.p.h. (50 m.p.h. after dark). The State motto is "Wisdom, Justice, Moderation," and up to five years ago they had had five hundred and thirty lynchings (a national record).

As a wide-eyed foreigner, and a sentimental one to boot, I suppose the things that most impressed me in Georgia were Tobacco Road, which is rather bumpy and runs south from Augusta, lined by poor-whites living in cardboard boxes; Eatonton, where the creator of Br'er Rabbit was born; and the Okefenokee Swamp, where the Swanee River rises, thinly disguised as the Suwannee. Way down upon it I heard the sound of voices harmonizing Methodist hymns—the humble cotton-workers relaxing in their shanties during a coffee-break. In one typical shanty, where eleven American citizens of African extraction lived cheek by jowl without so much as a chenille bedspread between them, I was rewarded by a gale of heart-warming, full-throated laughter when I asked if they were content with their lot. Such people are to be found in great numbers in the South, and despite the tedious provisions of the

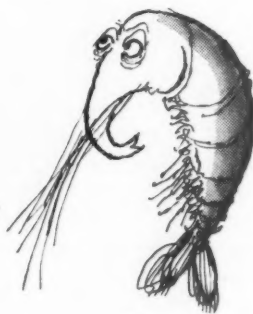
Constitution of the United States of America, many of them have been graciously relieved of the necessity of voting at elections—or even, in some cases, of going to school.

I next visited Louisiana, a very romantic State, where they grow a lot of tung nuts. (I'm afraid I can tell you very little about the tung nut, beyond the fact that it contains more tung per square inch than any other kind of nut; and, as a man in Baton Rouge told me, if it's tung you're after, you'd be a fool to plant anything else. As to tung itself, I see I have a note in my diary, "Pursue inquiries *re* nature of tung, with particular ref. to shape, specific grvty., viscosity and resistance to rust," but all I can find in my notebook under *Tung* is the telephone number of a shrimp millionaire's widow I met at a masked ball during the Mardi Gras. She was to make two reservations for Honolulu without fail the very next afternoon so that we could get away from it all, and I never found out any more about her, either.)

Louisiana was claimed for France, in what seems to me to have been a rather high-handed fashion, by a man called La Salle in 1682. This gave the place a naughty reputation from the word go, and when they established the city of Nouvelle Orleans in 1712 the shape of the future was plain to see: kissing in public, coffee-bars, the dancing of cotillions, strip joints on Bourbon Street, and Voodoo rites in Beauregard Square. Fearing something even worse, such as the eventual birth of the blues, France dropped the territory like a hot potato in 1762 and gave it to the Spaniards, who were delighted. Nobody was surprised that the first Governor sent out by Spain was a man called General O'Reilly, for even in those days practically everyone's mother tended to hail from County Mayo. Three years later,

to add a further cosmopolitan touch to the place, some Acadians settled in the Bayou Teche area, having been chased out of Nova Scotia, where they were mistaken for Arcadians and suspected of being on the point of inventing the musical comedy. In order to disguise themselves they changed their name to Cajuns. They didn't fool O'Reilly, but the name stuck. By 1800 the Spaniards were thoroughly rattled, because girls were already roaming the streets of New Orleans without chaperones and the way seemed clear for bordellos, boogie-woogie and the invention of Joe "King" Oliver by Jelly Roll Morton.\* By this time it was perfectly obvious to the Spaniards that the French were the only people capable of handling a situation like this, so they persuaded Napoleon to take the place over again, lock, stock and barrel. Shortly afterwards the strain became unbearable and the French, having had word that the ubiquitous English were secretly making plans to move in and introduce Rugby football and other healthy games, cut their losses and sold the whole complicated mess to the United States for fifteen million dollars. This was called the Louisiana Purchase. It was effected in the Cabildo, on Jackson Square, New Orleans, where they now have on display a bronze mask of Napoleon pressed by his personal physician, with great presence of mind, forty hours after the Emperor's death (free, daily, 9 to 5).

As you might imagine New Orleans to-day is a pretty mixed-up sort of city. Apart from the Cajuns, the O'Reillys, and the Americans of African descent, there are the Creoles, who stem from the French and Spanish settlers, and the Americans, who drifted in to open drug-stores and betting parlours as soon as the dust settled. I had been advised not to miss the Audubon Park Zoo, but I'm no fool. I was in the French quarter (known as the Vieux Carré, after Carrie Nation) five minutes after my arrival, like everyone else. It is made chiefly of wrought-iron trellis work and looks Italian. I spent some time there, buying lace, and dropping in to the rowdy, smoke-filled little clubs to hear old cornet-players reminisce about how



\* He also thought up Baby Dodds, the tailgate trombone, the upright piano, the inverted gas mantle, the Spanish tinge, the Mickey Finn, Hi-Fi, fried chicken, and W. C. Handy.



they taught Bunk Johnson to play, in the days when he still had teeth. I also went on a private tour of Storyville and downtown New Orleans, listening to the chugging of the Mississippi riverboats as I walked up Perdido Street into South Rampart Street, crossed into Basin Street, retraced my steps into Canal Street, turned left into Dauphine Street, turned right into St. Louis Street, crossed Bourbon Street, and so made my way down to Decatur Street, the docks, the levees and the river. My one regret was that I never found Beale Street.

But there is more to Louisiana than New Orleans. Who would have thought,

for instance, that the State would contain four of the biggest salt mines in the world? Or that in the capital, Baton Rouge, they would still have the actual kettle in which the first granulated sugar was produced in 1794? How many of us realized that Huey P. Long's birthday is observed as a public State holiday because he built many fine roads, and probably made the trains run on time into the bargain?

The centre of the jumbo shrimp industry is at Morgan City, and there is plenty of other fishing along the coast, if you happen to be keen on giant jewfish, Spanish mackerel, tarpon, or the common jack. I also heard some talk of

paddlefish, buffalo fish and fresh-water drum, but I preferred to spend my own evenings shooting coot, doves, foxes and gallinules in the bayous—those mysterious wildernesses of the swamplands, where the live oaks and cypresses are draped with Spanish moss, and alligators lurk among the cottonwood roots to bite your feet off at the first false move you make. The Spanish moss produces a most awe-inspiring effect, dripping and trailing from the huge, silent trees like some ghostly decoration, brushing with clammy fingers against your face as you move through the steamy inlets of the Mississippi. It is used for stuffing sofas.

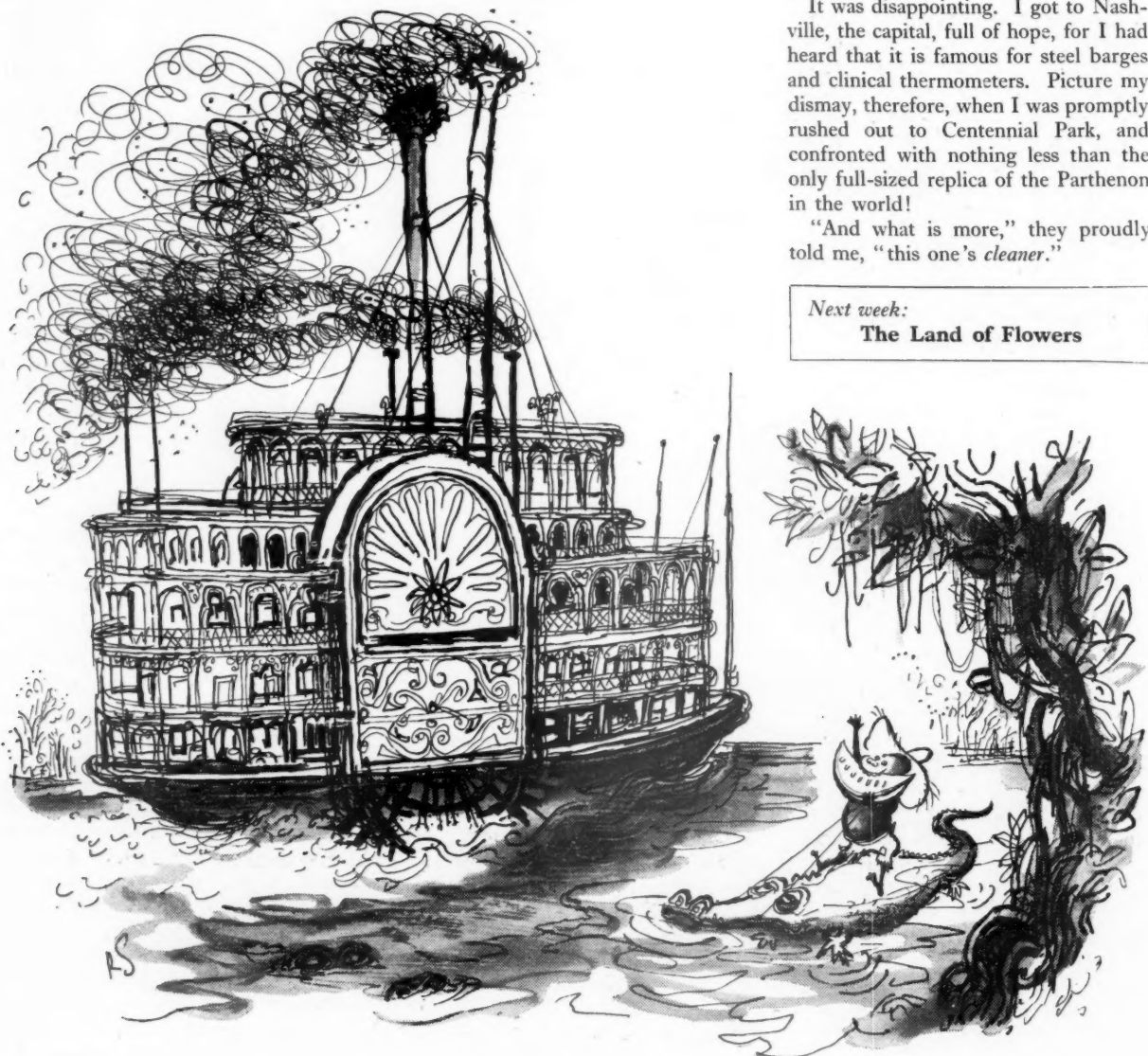
Oh, a fascinating place—but time was pressing, so I moved on to Tennessee.

It was disappointing. I got to Nashville, the capital, full of hope, for I had heard that it is famous for steel barges and clinical thermometers. Picture my dismay, therefore, when I was promptly rushed out to Centennial Park, and confronted with nothing less than the only full-sized replica of the Parthenon in the world!

"And what is more," they proudly told me, "this one's cleaner."

Next week:

The Land of Flowers





# Essence of Parliament



MR. WOLRIGE-GORDON, stepping gingerly into the ample shoes of Baron Boothby, attended at the Bar on Tuesday prepared to take his seat. As he stood there, waiting the moment of summons, the Chief Whip leant across and whispered to him and he hastily buttoned up his coat which had hitherto been flying wide open to the winds of heaven. Was this a sign that a political career had begun in a highly symbolic fashion? We hope not. He was about the Chamber for a good deal of the time on his first three days of Parliamentary life and one could not but wonder what he was making of it all. For he could not have fallen on days of greater contrast.

On Tuesday the House, considering the Third Reading of the bill about motor-cars at elections, reduced itself to a level of futility that defies satire. Members trotted out their stale hack arguments to which they did not expect anyone to attend. Mr. Butler, with an air of disingenuity, pretended that he was only anxious that as many Labour voters should get to the poll as possible, but his pretence that this was not a party measure was not assisted by the stentorian interruption of Major Hicks-Beach from the back bench that "We are the masters now."

Colonel Wigg stabbed the air to give point to his denunciations, and when Commander Langford-Holt asked if he was being referred to, the gallant Colonel replied "I am not pointing to any honourable Member in particular but to a spot where nothing is at the moment!" How true of him and of many other speakers!

But if the House was at its worst on Tuesday, it was at its best for Wolfenden on Wednesday. It is a commonplace that the best debates are always those where the Whips are not on, and

Mr. Bevan and Mr. Ormsby-Gore had given us a curious foretaste of what was to come by agreeing with one another in their strictly private capacities at question-time that too much in the House was regulated by official nominations.

Usually the whipless debates are interesting because there is to be a division at the end of them and speeches therefore may sway votes. This immediate stimulus was absent on Wednesday. Yet Members still had the rare sense that their speeches mattered and might influence decisions, if not that evening, at least in a very near future. The forest of Members who rose in vain hope to catch the Speaker's eye was a contrast to the official party occasions. The debate indeed was not an entertaining debate in the knock-

about sense of "entertaining." It would have been indecent if it had been. Even Mr. Leslie Hale managed not to be funny. One got the impression that Mr. Butler might have weighted his emphases a little differently had he not been speaking in an official capacity, but then what imagination could rise to

the conception of Mr. Butler not speaking in an official capacity? Anyway, his verdict was legislation on prostitution if the House seems to want it—no legislation now on homosexuality; and certainly, whatever the rights or wrongs, there can be no denying that there is strong feeling in lay circles both inside and outside the House against the Wolfenden recommendation on this point. But if homosexual conduct is to remain a crime, why could not everybody at least agree on the sensible suggestion of Mr. Rawlinson that imprisonment

should no longer be the punishment for that crime? At present these offences are not only punished but they are punished in a manner which supporters and opponents of the law alike agree to be the stupidest and least appropriate possible. As Mr. Greenwood justly said, to punish a homosexual by shutting him up in an all-male prison is about as

sensible as to punish a drunkard by shutting him up in a brewery.

And what an admirable speech Mr. Greenwood made. It is the curse of party debating that party speakers have to pretend that a case is all black or all white. Even in this debate, where there was no party line, there were some

speakers whom it would be too painful to name who seemed to think that moral indignation at other people's conduct was a Christian substitution alike for reason and for compassion. "Grand nonsense, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is insupportable," but the manner in which Mr. Greenwood assessed the balance of advantage and disadvantage in rival policies was wholly admirable and went far to make of this debate what such a debate should be—not a debate of speaker against speaker but a debate within each individual soul.

And then on Thursday Mr. Wolrige-Gordon had doubtless yet a third lesson to learn. The House turned from motor-cars and prostitutes to the future of Rhodesia. The future of Rhodesia is more important either than motor-cars or prostitutes, but the House of Commons does not think so. A thin trickle of Members, as always when the Commonwealth is discussed, turned out to listen.



Mr. Peter Rawlinson



Mr. Anthony Greenwood

*Dame Irene Ward  
Has not yet been made a Lord.  
When they create her a peer  
She can go there and say "Hear, hear."*

PERCY SOMERSET

FOR  
WOMEN

## Integrated Shopping

ONLY moved into the country last month? Then you'll need some guidance on shopping, with special reference to the Retail Grading, Allocation and Distance System operating in rural areas.

*Primary Grade Area*, or the shops in the actual village. These are (a) a smashing basic grocer who only falls down on the Patna rice; (b) the Other Shop, where you buy creosote, blouses and footballs; (c) a dead greenhouse that seems to stock bicycle batteries but is kept locked. Always pay (a) by cheque so as to work it up into a branch bank. And do ask here for small envelopes and sewing-cotton. It would be a poor village grocer who didn't keep them round behind the deep-freeze. Don't be surprised if (b) has the same name as (a). So has (c), very small over the door; naturally it isn't the same



name as the name of the man who's got the key and lives in the cottage with the cotoneaster. Yes, you'll find a guide to Flowering Shrubs and Climbers a real help with Primary Grade shopping!

*Intermediate*. Look for your nearest small town (three miles on signpost, four on bike). This fills the gaps in the first grade with big envelopes, tinned frogs' legs, champagne, bloaters and *Woman's Realm*. Indeed, what with the wealth here of plastic pedal-dust-bins and hacksaws, only the tendency of shoes to hang on string round shop-fronts and for Orlon jerseys to be pink will send you on to the

*Supplementary*, a baffling grade consisting of a market town ten miles off which sounds a real shopping-place because you know the electricity and the rates live there. A bus goes there every three hours. *Don't take it*. You'll

arrive on early closing day. Take a walk past the small but interesting shunting-yard and remember your macintosh hat.

*Advanced*. Shoes, jerseys, plaited bread, Old Masters, *everything* can be bought in the market town fifteen miles in the opposite direction. Everything but those white-headed nails you want for the pelmets, that is. And you've got to watch out for early closing here too, because it's on a different day from that other town *and* from the *other* town, the small one, *and* from the village. Country shoppers often take a grip on themselves and mutter that at least nothing shuts on a Monday—except the fishmongers, etc., that don't open.

Finally, if you really want those nails, there's the *Super* or *Luxury*, twenty miles off and better than London. Note the floral clocks, the sea, the *thé dansant* zone and the people, and come back juddering to find that Forsythia Cottage holds an aged upholsterer who could have sold you just the thing.

ANGELA MILNE

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## L'Americano

HIS father called him "Burr-head," his mother called him "My friend" or "My ball-and-chain," according to her mood of the moment; but the Italian servants called him simply "L'Americano." Strictly speaking this was a misnomer, since the family was Texan—but one saw what they meant. During his five years he had lived in the United States, Holland, Venezuela and Italy. The first word he learned in all four languages was "No." The last was "Yes," which he needed only when someone asked him "Would you like an ice-cream?"

In spite of his Texan origin L'Americano was a regular man-from-Missouri: he couldn't be told, he couldn't be

shown—he had to find out the hard way. When he decided it would be fun to play hop-sotch on the glass sections of the cucumber-frame nothing would dissuade him from trying it. This became very wearing for those who looked after him; but though he left a trail of nervous breakdowns in his wake, he survived. He was the sort of child who couldn't kiss you good-night without tearing off both earrings and a piece of your ear; and he was the only child I ever knew who could, and often did, fall over his own feet while standing still. Nevertheless, he was subject to fits of over-co-ordination—as, for example, when he tried to swat a wasp, and his fat little hand scored a

bull's-eye. The wasp did too, of course; and L'Americano thought this very unfair.

Driving a hard bargain was his special talent. After the lollipops had been distributed L'Americano was the one among the half-dozen or so children who would end up with at least three. "I traded my tricycle for two half-hours," he would explain righteously when questioned: but after about ten minutes of the first half-hour one would see him pedalling madly into the fish-pond, having traded a bit of used chewing-gum for the remaining twenty minutes. And if the other party to the contract so much as laid a finger on the tricycle while he was being dried off

l'Americano would indignantly demand his chewing-gum back.

One morning at breakfast the children were discussing what they would do when they grew up. "I'm going to have seventeen sons," boasted the eldest. "I'll have twenty-five daughters," said the next; and so it went until it came to l'Americano's turn. "I'm going to have dollars," he said thoughtfully.

He probably will—unless he decides to become Secretary of State instead.

KATHARINE DOWLING

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### Time : The Present

**D**ID you join your local amateur dramatic club for the sheer love of acting? And are you on the point of leaving it for the sheer hate of making papier mâché rocks, stocks, asses' heads and cannon balls?

Well, before you write your resignation, pause and think. Make a list of the tasks you have performed apart from learning lines. It will include such things as stitching hoops to crinolines, turning your spare-room bed into a galleon, borrowing a spinet from your great-aunt Margaret, growing a beard or bun, and painting Elsinore on dirty, riven canvas. Perhaps you have also taken classes in Middle English posture, archery, and Tudor table manners.

A glance at your list and the answer is obvious. Persuade your group to do modern plays in modern dress. Of course they'll wonder why they never thought of it before; and in a flash you will have nothing more to do than learn the victim's lines in *Murder Strikes a Match*. Straight make-up only—none of this negro slave or historical accuracy stuff. And your costume will be simply what you might have worn to sit among the audience. The scene is just an ordinary living-room, the lighting is straightforward and the problems are nil.

It is all so easy, in fact, that you will immediately volunteer to be Stage Manager so as to have your name twice on the programme. Then what joy, at last, to get your teeth into a part without those hordes of other worries nagging at your brain! For you will have nothing more to do than fetch your dining-suite, piano, sofa, two armchairs,

lamp, cocktail cabinet, electric radiator, clock, rug, carpet, pictures, vases, cutlery and crockery from home, try them out in twenty-nine positions, exchange the sofa for great-aunt Margaret's smaller one, make a plywood french-window frame to fit your living-room curtains, and dash back home for the fire-irons and piano stool.

The dress rehearsal, of course, is always hectic, and you can't grumble then if the policemen's helmets don't fit and you are asked to run up a couple of papier mâché ones. Or if that fool Joe Benson fires a blank right through your Gauguin, and the dummy blood soaks into great-aunt Margaret's sofa-back.

Everything will go beautifully on The Night, especially your Shelley tea-set when that dumb blonde of a servant trips over the rug, and your piano when the door R. to hall collapses in the interval. As for your Sunday best, the caked and much-perspired-on make-up round its collar gives you just the excuse you've long been looking for to go and buy another outfit. Which in turn resolves the question of your costume for the next production, *Dead on Dinner-time*.

HAZEL TOWNSON

### Spirit of Pre-Christmas

**I** SEE across the view  
Of shops that glitter cheerly  
A female Figure who  
Is acting very queerly.

She shuffles round the Gifts  
(Oak mats and fir-cone snowmen)  
And at the grocer's lifts  
Wild eyes to every omen.

Like holly-papered lard,  
Flannel-and-bathsoap packets,  
Choc-bunnies cardboard-barred  
And all the other rackets.

I see her grow, expand  
To fifty million buyers;  
She is the great Demand  
Created by suppliers.

ANDE

☆

"'Throw out that baby book,' is the advice given to mothers by Dr. Julius Richmond, of New York State University. . . 'Too many mothers are are hemmed in by written advice,' he says. . ."—*Daily Mirror*

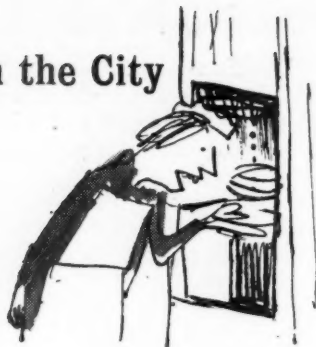
How about writing a book on it?



"I must fly, I'm due at a cocktail party."



## In the City



### Eighteen Shopping Days to Christmas

**B**EFORE us stretch eighteen days of a crescendo buying in the shops—a bleak prospect for the thronging spenders, one of relish for the proprietors listening to the quickening tempo of the cash register. This looks like being a record spending Christmas. We say this every year, but every year it duly happens. Never has that statisticians concept “consumers’ spendable income” been as high; never have h.p. terms been more enticingly generous; never, let it be added, have the shop windows glistened more temptingly.

The removal of h.p. restrictions will be the principal record builder this Christmas. The Board of Trade have already reported a perceptible pick-up of retail trade in October, though the h.p. concessions only affected two or three days of that month. November will show the trickle swollen into a stream and by December the amount of spending “on tick” will be shown in full flood.

Credit business will be no more than the trimmings on the solid volume of cash purchases. The most remarkable feature of the recent so-called recession in Britain and the United States has been the dogged refusal of the consumer to check his appetite. In America he may have shown a strong aversion to monster-finned motor cars, but he has bought more household gadgets, “do it yourself” outfits, clothes and holidays. In Britain he has stopped going to the cinema and may have cut down his expenditure on certain foods, but he has more than made up for this parsimony by opening his pocket- and cheque-books wider to indulge in more motoring, more television sets, more drink and tobacco.

If the consumer blithely refuses to see the writing “depression, slump” on the wall, those words must ultimately fade away. Manufacturers may be filled

with hallucinations of impending doom and cut down their production and expansion plans; but if the consumer goes on buying the time soon comes when stocks near exhaustion and the factories have to swing back into their normal rhythm. That is what is happening in the United States, now soaring out of their “inventory recession.” Here in Britain the same kind of consumer resistance has also persisted and done its good work. A 4 per cent Bank rate, a much relaxed credit squeeze, will put more stuffing into purchasing power and into the takings of retail trade in these final weeks of 1958.

In recent months many share prices have outstripped the reasonable prospects of their respective industries—hence corrective reaction that has swept over Wall and Throgmorton Streets. This speculative over-reaching had not occurred in Stores shares. Among the firms that are doing well out of the

consumers’ persistent aggressiveness, past, imminent and to come, is the following widely assorted quintet: Harrods, Debenhams, Austin Reed, Great Universal Stores, Marks and Spencer. These firms in their several ways and in the differing clientèle they serve have certain traits in common: they are efficient, adaptable and enterprising.

Debenhams have done a great deal of growth by absorption lately and there is much more to come. Harrods can walk with queens and yet retain the common touch. Austin Reed cater mainly for the male whose taste in plumage is becoming more adventurous and certainly more expensive. Marks and Spencer and Gussies are symbols of the social revolution of our time—and mighty successful symbols in whose future fortunes investors would be well advised to participate, even at the present relatively high prices of their shares.

LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

## In the Country



### Non Olet

**E**VERY year at least half a dozen people leave our village to settle in a town. Most of them are under thirty; few are ever heard of again. But Fred Jewel was an exception in both respects.

He was well over fifty when he uprooted himself and moved off about three years ago; and when we discovered that he’d gone as far as London we assumed that Jewel had found some soft-hearted relatives to support him. For none of us thought he could manage to keep himself, especially in the metropolis. Even among us life had been a bit too competitive for Jewel. He was good at nothing; what we call an odd-job man, who’d started off as a rabbit catcher and then, after myxomatosis, had scraped a living with an occasional day’s threshing or potato

picking. His only regular income was thirty bob a week which he got from the vicar for scything the grass round the graves. The National Assistance Board then balanced his budget.

With this background we were amazed to see Jewel drive into our midst last week, looking as prosperous as a bishop. He announced that he’d come down to buy Barton Farm which was being put up for auction. We naturally assumed that Jewel had either won the pools or raided a bank.

“Nothing so honest,” he boasted as he offered us a round of drinks in the local. “When I moved to London I took a couple of rooms up in Hampstead. And I put an advertisement in the local paper saying I would do jobbing gardening at ten-and-six an hour. The Cockneys fell for it, hook, line and sinker!”

“Even so,” I said, “Barton Farm should fetch four thousand pounds at least.”

“Chicken-feed!” was Jewel’s comment.

“You must have done more than gardening,” I commented.

“Yes,” he admitted, “the real money was in the horse I bought.”

“Did it win the Derby?”

“It was more valuable than that. My horse never moved out of the stable. But every time it lifted its tail a sovereign rolled into my pocket. Humus is highly prized in Hampstead.”

RONALD DUNCAN



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Boyhood of Beyle

**The Life of Henry Brulard.** Stendhal.  
*Merlin Press, 25/-*

**S**TENDHAL (whose real name was Henri Beyle) had a passion for anonymity, and Henry Brulard is one of his pseudonyms. In this book he writes his autobiography until the age of eighteen. It seems to me as good a work of its kind as has ever been produced, but the force and eccentricity of its author's character sometimes offends people who might otherwise be expected to revel in its pages. In the reviews that have already appeared of this translation one can detect sometimes that note of exasperation that is usually reserved by critics for a contemporary. Stendhal is indeed so alive that reading him seems almost to involve you in a personal argument.

He was born in 1783 at Grenoble, so that his earliest and most vivid childhood memories were of the Revolution coming to that part of France. His mother died when he was seven and he states with the clearness of a psychiatrist's textbook the passion he felt for her at this early age and the dislike he could never overcome for his father. *Henry Brulard* was written in four months in 1836 when Stendhal was French consul at Civita-Vecchia.

The book contains a certain amount of repetition, and this edition reproduces the plans Stendhal made to illustrate the rooms and streets he frequented. These show, for example, the exact position in which he himself—and the other characters he describes—stood or sat during the episodes of his story. Some reviewers have objected to the repetitions and also to these plans. To me they seem an essential part of the picture he presents. The repetitive sentences and views on life or individuals are almost like the refrain of a poem, while the little charts in Stendhal's own hand show how he concentrated his mind

when at work, pen in hand, on the events of forty or fifty years before.

His childhood was an unhappy one, but irony, rather than self-pity, colours the tone of the memoirs. He felt himself priest-ridden; he disliked his Aunt Séraphie (whom he believed to be having a love affair with his father); but at the same time he was devoted to his maternal grandfather, Dr. Gagnon. Dr. Gagnon had met Voltaire (a writer who was, in fact, no great hero of Stendhal's) and stood to the small boy for a more civilized form of life than the provincial world he saw round him.

Stendhal represents himself in his narrative as violently in favour of the

Revolution, although his relations (who regarded themselves as bordering on the *noblesse*) were whole-heartedly against it. However, some of the incidents in the book, e.g., the firing of a shot at the Tree of Fraternity that had been set up in the town as a political symbol, suggest that the young Stendhal was not quite so pro-Revolutionary as he would like the reader to believe. Whatever the truth, the picture of what might be called the Jane Austen life of a small French town during the Revolution could hardly be more vivid.

Eventually Stendhal was sent to Paris where he possessed influential relations, the Darus, one of whom was an important official under Bonaparte. The idea was that he should enter the École Polytechnique, but Stendhal somehow managed to evade that, and in due course obtained a commission in a dragoon regiment. When he set off for Italy to join his unit he had only been on a horse three times in his life. He was immediately run away with. The book ends with his crossing the Alps and his delight at having at last escaped from all the people he found so tedious.

Scattered through the book are all kinds of reminiscences; of his love affairs; of life during the Napoleonic campaigns (he served later in, as it were, the Army Service Corps of the Imperial forces); of friends and enemies; in fact of everything that came into his head. There are such strange bits of information as, for example, the fact that the characters of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* were modelled by the author upon people who lived in Grenoble.

André Gide wrote: "That incomparable *Henry Brulard*, for which, every time I read it, I feel I could sacrifice all the rest." Any Stendhalian who has not tackled this book should do so at once. To those not yet Stendhalians I strongly recommend it. The translation, by Jean Stewart and B. C. J. G. Knight, is smooth and readable.

ANTHONY POWELL

## NOVEL FACES—XLV

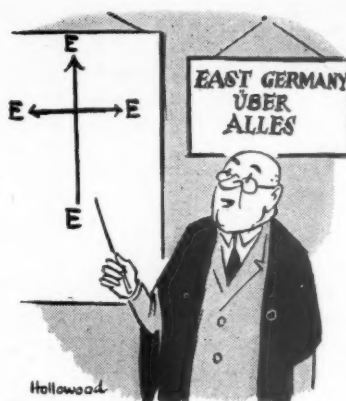


ERIC LINKLATER

*In Juan's day we knew a roistering Linklater;  
He only started seriously to think later.*

**Monkey Behave.** Margaret Behrens.  
*Hart-Davis, 15/-*

A slightly unusual children's book, in that about a third of the space is expended in setting the scene, in Conradian fashion, in which the story proper is told. After a rather slow start both parts are very enjoyable; the setting concerns a small boy's holidays (he ages from one to seven in the course of the book) in the South of France with his grandmother. Most of this gives the impression of having actually happened, so that one or two obviously invented incidents stick out. The story proper is a picaresque tale told by the grandmother about the adventures of a peculiarly wicked toy monkey belonging to the boy; this part is enthralling and contains two or three tremendous characters. The snatches of violence caused by the monkey's intransigence are softened by the double remove at which the story is told. P. D.



"Today, children, we will consider the points of the compass."

**The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot.** Angus Wilson. *Secker and Warburg, 18/-*

This novel is a big step forward in Mr. Wilson's curious literary career. The central facts are less remote from credibility than in *Hemlock and After* and the sap extends further into every part than in the wooden-framed *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. (The trellis on the jacket is misleading.) Mr. Wilson is still sometimes more the puppeteer than the listener and the lack of colour in his prose makes the dull bits still duller; but his interest in people and milieux and moral cruxes, his human curiosity and his harsh charity are steadily moving his fiction away from the amusing but flashy "lowdown on intellectuals" stuff with which he made his name.

The rich, "charming" Mrs. Eliot, left to fend for herself instead of for others when her barrister husband is shot in the East, her friends, protective or wary, and her homosexual brother, an ex-don turned Sussex nursery-gardener, illustrate aspects of dependence. The novel is a study of loneliness as a field for the appetites of the will. R. G. G. P.

**Burke's Landed Gentry of Ireland, 1958.**  
Edited by L. G. Pine. *Burke's Peerage Ltd., 7 gns.*

This book of reference last appeared in 1912, when Southern Ireland was still part of the United Kingdom, so that the new edition presents a most interesting record of the changes that have taken place, and also of survivals, in the sphere with which it deals. The vast majority of the families recorded date from the first half of the seventeenth century, but there are about a score of more ancient pedigrees, native or Norman. Some of the former claim descent from persons living as early as the fifth century. At first sight this seems to be trying us rather high, but it must be remembered that if sound documentary evidence of a prominent man exists in

the twelfth century it is reasonable, in a society used to oral tradition, to give it credence for at least five or six generations. However, the seventh century seems about the limit on this principle. Some enjoyable Christian names pepper the pages: Neptune (Blood), Zachary (Cooke-Collis), Hyacinth (D'Arcy), Caleb, Eusebius (Eager), Gamaliel (Fitz-Gerald), Ezekiel (Fullerton), Rodolphus (Greene), Ishmael (Grubbe), Tamison, Medicis (Nesbitt), Thaddeus (Ryan). The Friths are descended from the first Protestant martyr, burnt at Smithfield in 1533. The volume is introduced by some useful notes on Irish genealogical matters. A. P.

**The Last Tudor King.** Hester W. Chapman. *Cape, 28/-*

Edward VI is often thought a colourless prig who fades out of history before the fires of Philip and Mary and the exploits of Elizabeth I. With deeper insight Mrs. Chapman depicts this able boy—a chip of the old block, if the simile may be applied to Tudor. Edward was a remarkable linguist who already grasped the economic problems which his ruthless advisers mishandled. His health only gave way at fifteen: he was a handsome child who loved splendid clothes and riding at the ring, and his sense of fun would break through the formal and precocious dignity to which he had been trained. In his last tragic months he took meticulous care over the endowment of Christ's Hospital. But the humanist influence of Sir John Cheke did not restrain a streak of Calvinist fanaticism.

From childhood the focus of murderous adult intrigues led by his own uncles, both of whom he was forced to have executed, made his situation frightful: his well-known heartlessness on these lamentable occasions seems explained by a wary discretion. Mrs. Chapman, an

historian whose father was a schoolmaster of genius, has written this poignant study with artistry and perception. Beneath the harried king she depicts the intelligent, spirited and fated boy. J. E. B.

**Max's Nineties.** With an introduction by Osbert Lancaster. *Hart-Davis, 30/-*

Many of Max Beerbohm's early caricatures have not been available for a long time. Some of these are collected together here and make a most enjoyable book. In his informative introduction Mr. Osbert Lancaster points out that, unlike his literary work, which sprang forth fully armed, Max's drawings show considerable improvement and development from the time of their first public appearance. Mr. Lancaster points out that, although a friend and admirer of Phil May, Max remained uninfluenced by him, but that he probably took some hints from the French caricaturists, Sem (still happily with us) and Caran d'Ache. The drawings reproduced here include Henry James (at the period when he wore a beard), Whistler (represented as a witch on a broomstick crossing the Channel), and an amusing series called "Mr. Gladstone goes to Heaven," in which "Mr. Gladstone picks up a Fallen Angel" is perhaps the funniest. This is a volume to make an ideal Christmas present. A. P.

**Mountolive.** Lawrence Durrell. *Faber, 16/-*

*Mountolive*, the third volume of Mr. Durrell's quadrilogy, is a more straightforward work than its predecessors and clears up some situations they left obscure. *Mountolive* is a sober British diplomat who, having in his youth fallen in love with Egypt in the person of the Coptic Leila, returns as minister to Cairo in his middle-age. The main characters of the previous volumes reappear throughout but only the writer Pursewarden—for whose suicide a reason, if a not very acceptable one, is now given—has much substance.

Mr. Durrell's prose is impressive. Many passages—notably the fish drive, the snowscapes, the scene in the children's brothel and the terrible Coptic wake—will remain long in the reader's memory, but too much of the book is written in Pater-ese, a style that seems to attract admirers but is, nevertheless, a deathly hindrance to the flow of fiction. That the author can be more than clever is made evident in the moving sequence with Melissa that leads to Pursewarden's suicide. The rest cloy with a supercharged sophistication on to which a Conradish plot about gun-running to Palestine is oddly imposed. O. M.

Punch Picture Calendar for 1959, containing drawings reproduced from the magazine for every month in the year, is obtainable from leading stationers and stores or from the publishers, G. Delgado Ltd., 53-55 East Road, London, N.1.



## AT THE THEATRE IN PARIS—II

*Lucy Crown* (THÉÂTRE DE PARIS)—*La Bonne Soupe* (GYMNASE)—*L'Étrangère dans L'Ile* (STUDIO DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES)—*Le Journal de Anne Frank* (MONTFARNASSE GASTON BATY)

THE dearth of native drama in Paris is pushing such high-powered casts into the serious American imports that some demand to be seen. Particularly *Lucy Crown*, adapted by Jean-Pierre Aumont from a novel by Irwin Shaw. This is only slightly above a matinée tear-jerker, but it is strongly acted and impeccably directed by Pierre Dux. An industrialist's home is broken up by a handsome tutor, and his small son warped for life by his discovery of his mother and the tutor making love. The play begins and ends in a Paris bar, where the mother, listening to a couple squabbling bitterly, finds the young man is her son. In the scenes between we see the boredom of a neglected wife, the revulsion of a normal little boy, and the shock to a tidily-minded man when he realizes that his carefully organized régime has failed. Father, on the bottle, is killed in the war; so is the tutor. Mother gets a job with UNESCO, and in the final scene melts her twisted son and appears to have saved his marriage.

Edwige Feuillère not only persuades us that what happens might have happened but makes the mother a sympathetic figure. Bernard Blier bridges firmly the play's sentimentalities, and both lightens and deepens it by his skill

as a comedian. The young men are also good, but the most remarkable performance is that of Michel Gnanou as the agonized boy. This is a *tour de force*, of a quality utterly removed from the usual well-trained antics of stage brats.

The new Félicien Marceau, *La Bonne Soupe*, has a thinner shell than his triumphant *L'Œuf*. A panorama of sex, it gives in a series of cinematic flashbacks a satiric commentary on the rise and decline of a courtesan. Now ageing, she tells a friendly croupier at Monte Carlo how fear has always haunted her, fear that she might be penniless and therefore cease to exist. While they talk the flashbacks begin. We see her at twenty, learning her early lesson from a careworn mother; then seduced, whisked off to Paris, let down; taking a barman, a financier, a string of men, in bars, brothels and hotels.

Hard as nails already, she is still driven on by the same compelling fear. The older Marie-Paule watches like an elder sister, amused, sometimes anxious, always discussing the current episode with the astonished and respectful croupier. Invisible to the earlier actors, Marie-Paule occasionally exchanges a meaning wink with her young self; and when at length an eligible husband is hooked, she takes over, the two Marie-Paules saying a formal goodbye. It is wittily written, and ingeniously produced by André Barsacq, with a revolving stage and amusing sets by Jacques Noel. The note of ironic detachment that runs throughout is held by a charming and clever performance by Marie Bell, and Jeanne Moreau as the girl, Armontel as the croupier and Henri Cremieux as the bewitched financier all fall neatly into place. But for



(*La Bonne Soupe*)  
Marie-Paul—JEANNE MOREAU and MARIE BELL

me the rare flavour of genuine originality that marked *L'Œuf* is missing.

The French seem impressed by *L'Étrangère dans L'Ile*, a domestic-political drama set among the present troubles in Cyprus. Although he ignores the strategic importance of the island to the western allies its author, Georges Soria, has tried hard to be fair to both sides; but I found the play slow and boring. Its supposedly ideal marriage between an English woman doctor and an Oxonian Cypriot, that all but piles on the rocks when her father is killed in an ambush, appeared such a priggish and humourless union that one cared very little what happened to it. The acting is also disappointing, except for Yves Brainville, who finds a reasonable human being in an EOKA leader.

We went to the French version of *The Diary of Anne Frank*—adapted by Georges Neveux—because we had heard so much about Pascale Audret's Anne. Marguerite Jamois' production differs from our own in making Anne more temperamental and her father, in the early scenes, too saintly. But as the play develops it becomes just as heart-breaking



*Oliver Crown*—BERNARD BLIER

*Lucy Crown*—EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE

as it was in London. Pascale Audret is marvellously cast. She has an ardent spirit, clear, volatile, impetuous. The father's gentle authority is very well conveyed by Michel Etcheverry, and as the gauche son of the other family Jacques Charrier is strikingly good.

ERIC KEOWN

## AT THE PLAY

*Hot Summer Night* (NEW)  
*The Devil Peter* (ARTS)

**A**T the New a welcome rarity, a play that discusses serious matters sensibly and fairly, without any of the fashionable antics of frustration. In *Hot Summer Night* Ted Willis takes two themes, the colour bar and the breakdown of a marriage, twining them so that they work on one another, each gaining force from the reactions. It is an honest play that offers no easy solutions.

The chief character is a decent, single-minded trade unionist, secretary of his area and about to go higher. He has devoted his life to a straight fight for better conditions, and on principle he still lives in a Wapping house without a bathroom. Rushing madly all over the place he imagines he is happily married, but he is hardly ever at home and his wife has become nothing but a house-keeper. At the beginning of the play he is horrified by the threat of an unofficial strike against the promotion of a coloured worker agreed by everyone to be the best man; and as he prepares to go into action

he discovers that his daughter is thinking of marrying a Jamaican.

His neglected wife has put all her hopes into her daughter's future, and becomes hysterical at the idea of a coloured son-in-law. Crazy she tells her shocked husband how utterly their marriage has failed. All his life he has been sorting out other people's troubles by what he calls the logical approach, and now painfully and unsuccessfully he attempts to apply his methods to his own home. There are very good scenes, ringing absolutely true, in which he tries to

### REP SELECTION

Castle, Farnham, *All My Sons*, until December 6th.  
Marlowe, Canterbury, *A Dock Brief* and *What Shall We Tell Caroline?* until December 6th.  
Civic Theatre, Chesterfield, *Proud Banner* (new Play), until December 6th.  
Bromley Rep, *Oliver Twist*, until December 6th.

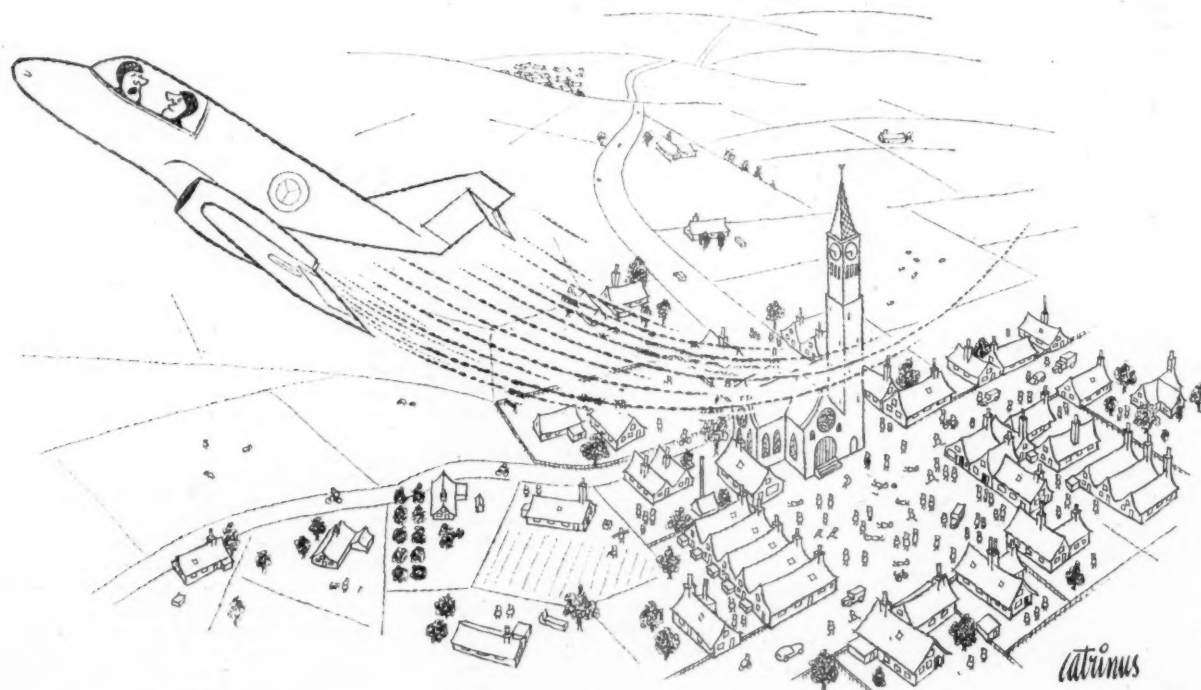
convince his daughter of the miseries ahead, and for her sake tries to persuade the Jamaican to give her up. Mr. Willis has greatly strengthened his arguments by his admirable lack of bias. The coloured boy is shy and intelligent and dignified; whipped up by the father's bluntness he turns on him, accusing him of hypocrisy and telling him that Kathie's friendship has been the only genuine kindness he has found in England. In the mother's final outburst she goes

berserk with a carving-knife, but this only briefly delays Kathie's departure. The parents are left wondering how much they can patch up their shattered marriage.

It is a weakness in the play that the mother should be so neurotic that her point of view is valueless; all the other main characters are entitled to respect. It also seems odd that in accent and poise she appears, without explanation, to come from a quite different rank of society. With a normal mother, upset for better reasons, the play would have been even stronger, but it remains a good human statement of an appallingly difficult problem.

It owes a great deal to John Slater, who makes the father a splendidly realistic character, miserably torn between principle and affection. As the mother Joan Miller's highly emotional tantrums are skilful, though I think to the detriment of the play. Both the boy and the girl are taken very sympathetically by Lloyd Reckord and Andrée Melly, and Harold Scott's sketch of the gentle old grandfather, once a fiery agitator, could not be better.

To the accepted rule that court-room plays are bound to be dramatic *The Devil Peter*, translated by Giampiero Rolandi from Dott. Salvato Cappelli, is a notable exception. Peter Kurten, the mass-murderer of Düsseldorf, has already pleaded guilty; it now remains for the Public Prosecutor, an infinitely windy man, to discover a reason for the crimes.



"Just gone quarter to six."

Kurten being obviously an imbecile, this is complete waste of time; but the P. P., illustrating the evidence with brief scenes upstage, searches the whole conscience of mankind, and even manages to drag in the Pleistocene Age. When he has been maundering for five days he has talked himself almost into a coma, shared by the judges (one of whom bore a remarkable resemblance to President Eisenhower) and ourselves. He seemed to me the sort of lunatic who might easily have taken on where Kurten left off, and I hope the Düsseldorf police kept tabs on him.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Long Day's Journey into Night* (Globe—17/9/58), O'Neill's tremendous autobiography. *Ghosts* (Old Vic—19/11/58), limited run of excellent production. Michael Flanders and Donald Swann are back again in *At the Drop of a Hat* (Fortune—16/1/57). ERIC KEOWN

### AT THE PICTURES

*The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*  
*The Two-Headed Spy*

VARIOUS considerations combine to suggest that it would be positively dangerous to say a word against *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* (Director: Mark Robson). There is a fine performance by one of the great ladies of the screen, as the noble, indeed saintly principal character in a story founded on fact. There are platoons of unhappy children who are by her efforts rescued and made happier. There are nice English people and quaint lovable Chinese people who are bowled over by her nobility and charm. It was widely known that one of the world-famous stars was near death while the film was being made, with resultant oceans of extra respectful publicity. One could detect the influence of all this—and, I suppose, the popularity of the original novel, Alan Burgess's *The Small Woman*—at the packed press show, which buzzed with happy anticipation and approving, reverently hushed remarks about Beauty...

And yet there is something about this kind of deliberately, consciously Noble and Uplifting work that puts my back up immediately. Am I so unusual in this? So far as I'm aware I was always so affected by such things, and have always said so. The fact that it seems to happen more and more often means not (I like to think) that I have become more—pardon the word—narky, but simply that more and more of this kind of thing is

#### PUNCH IN THE CINEMA

An exhibition of film drawings and caricatures from PUNCH is on view at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7 until December 7.



General Alex Schottland—JACK HAWKINS

[*The Two-Headed Spy*]

produced. The corollary is that people like it. But—

I can only say what I think, although from what I read almost nobody else seems to agree with me. I think this piece, lovely as much of it is to look at (CinemaScope Eastman Colour photography: F. A. Young), and admirably as Ingrid Bergman plays the central character, is pretentious, inflated, overstuffed with episodes and scenes of simple travelogue interest, full of self-consciously "significant" dialogue, and very much overlarded with background music. It runs for more than two and a half hours and long before the end it had ceased to hold my attention—although on paper the long final episode (in which the indomitable woman leads a string of a hundred Chinese children, orphaned at the start of the Japanese war, over many miles of mountainous country and across the Yellow River to eventual safety) might seem impossible to resist.

Certainly this is the story, or much of the story, of a noble woman. My quarrel is with the people who assume that therefore, automatically, it must be a noble film. Beneath the surface irrelevances that make news or impress for other reasons unconnected with character or narrative interest, it has very little substance.

How much of *The Two-Headed Spy* (Director: André de Toth) is based on fact I'm not sure. Colonel A. P. Scotland's exploits are said to have "inspired" it, but if a British spy had really become what the publicity calls "Hitler's favourite general" it seems likely that the fact would be more generally known by this time. However, the story takes pains to show us how this

could have been possible, though great self-sacrifice and devotion were needed—for this British agent remained in the German army from the 1914 war onwards, being promoted to general in the 1939 war just when he could contrive some useful sabotage. Essentially it is a fairly ordinary spy story, which gets its not very strong excitement from the customary devices: the bright-eyed look of suspicion, the near-discovery, the capture avoided at the last moment, and so on. Jack Hawkins has no chance to make "General Schottland" any more of a character than the conventional hero whose function is merely to collect our sympathies against the other side... And perhaps I'm getting over-sensitive, but a point about this "British" film that irritated me was the fact that the dialogue is full of American locations. Somebody was "born and raised" somewhere, a girl says "These gentlemen are through with their visit," a man says "I don't yet have all the links—but when I do—" Pronounced, as here, without any American accent, these phrases are all the more noticeable on this side of the Atlantic; do they really help when the picture is shown on the other?

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Two new ones, *The Old Man and the Sea* and *Man of the West*, look promising. Otherwise the London list is pretty empty of distinction except for the Swedish *Wild Strawberries* (5/11/58) and—on a lower level—the Russian *The Cranes are Flying* (24/9/58).

Even among the releases there is only one I'd recommend, and that a reissue: *The Moon is Blue* (20/1/54).

RICHARD MALLETT



## AT THE GALLERY

## Going, Gone!

A FINE exhibition, from the Edinburgh Festival, of that very considerable painter Sir David Wilkie (1785-1841) is in danger of almost total neglect in London—and, incidentally, the many generous lenders who have, for weeks, put up with bare spaces on their walls, must, inevitably, feel less disposed to do so again. Wilkie will be remembered by many for his bucolic picture "Blind Man's Buff," which early in this century was almost as popular a piece as Frith's "Derby Day" or Turner's "Fighting Téméraire." For years he was a successful student of Dutch anecdotal pictures with Teniers as his master; and many good examples are in this exhibition; No. 11 "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo" is one. However, after visiting France and Spain where he was much impressed by such giants as Rubens and Velasquez, he decided to broaden his style, and had all the technique, draughtsmanship and vitality to do so without sustaining enfeeblement or dullness. It was, rather, a liberation; and both in portraiture and figure composition he covered a wide field, and proved himself thoroughly at home in his new, robust manner. I was particularly impressed with his piece "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune Teller," the portrait of Muhamet Ali, No. 43 and "The Spanish Girl" (No. 46); but there are many others I like as well.

To judge by the number of visitors on a Saturday morning the large Boudin exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery is in no danger of neglect. At first it might be thought that by limitation of subject matter—coastal scenes—ninety works by Boudin might become monotonous. The very reverse is the case. Boudin's response to the *plages* and harbours where he spent his long life (1824-1897) was so varied and so rich in results that one feels he was completely justified in choosing to follow this single track. Interesting comparisons may be made between him, Constable, and David Cox, with both of whom he had much in common. His feather-light touch made him an admirable water-colourist, an exquisite group of which works are in this present show. For those who like to be tantalized, these or similar Boudin water-colours were offered and sold in London in the slump of the early 'thirties for a couple of fivers or so each. Their appreciation has been more than one thousand per cent, up to date, and practically none is for sale.

Wilkie Exhibition, Diploma Gallery, Royal Academy—Closes Wednesday, December 10th.

Boudin Exhibition—Closes end of December.

## Recommended

Frederick B. Daniell & Son, 32 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. French Engravings of the 18th Century. Exhibition closing December 10th.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

## ON THE AIR

## A Sad Case

THE "Bob Cummings Show" (A-R) has been with us for so long that it has come to be taken for granted. Acting on a principle of mine that if you take woodworm for granted long enough your house is liable to crumble about your ears, I renewed my acquaintance with this series last week, and found its flavour to be quite unchanged—as subtly nasty as ever, and possibly dangerous. Its outward trappings are shiny, smart and slick, for it is produced with great care by men who know their business and probably sell a lot of soap, or whatever product this series is geared to promote. At its heart, however, lies a formula which would be more appropriate to a programme about psychopaths than to what purports to be a light-hearted situation-comedy show.

Here we have a young man who earns his living by commercial photography. The background of his working life is represented as an erotic (yet determinedly sterile) dream-world in which he is constantly surrounded by cover-girls in skin-tight dresses. These creatures vie with one another for his favours, drooling, cooing and grunting over him from morning to night, and at no time showing any but the most superficial resemblance

to human beings. To make matters worse, the young man is maladjusted, so that he behaves like a handsome sex-maniac without the courage of his convictions. At the sight of a female leg or a well-supported bust he whinnies and trembles like a low comedian in a touring girly show. His life is governed by an insane, uncontrollable desire to kiss, fondle, or gaze into the eyes of as many young women as possible. If the series ever ends, in the final scene he must surely be dragged away screaming in a strait-jacket, and I hope the treatment is very expensive.

This gruesomely unhealthy figure lives with his married sister, who looks like his daughter and treats him like an idiot spaniel. He will never marry. He will go panting after every pretty young girl who gets within a hundred yards of him, and try to "date" her. If he succeeds, he will "pet" her like a moonstruck adolescent, but he will do no more. If she made the slightest immodest suggestion beyond a gluey kiss he would have hysterics and lock himself in a cupboard; and it strikes me that it might be an act of mercy if one of the podgy sirens firmly ravished him one of these days and so put an end to the morbid fears that are evidently responsible for his fixation. Meanwhile, the studio audience will presumably continue to snigger at this sickening representation of the young American male, and learned books will continue to be published about how to write successfully for television.

I have never been clear about this character's age, by the way. His behaviour would be laughed to scorn by any normal fourteen-year-old; from internal evidence I suspect that he is in his twenties; he looks about forty; and he is played by an actor called Robert Cummings, a very skilful light comedian who deserved a better fate, and who will be fifty in two years' time.

Another thing we are inclined to take for granted these days is the amount of first-rate documentary work the little screen offers every week. I have been impressed so far by Aidan Crawley's investigation into the workings of democracy in the newly independent Commonwealth nations. "The Inheritors" (BBC) was a mighty undertaking, and is being sensibly handled. The commentary asks most of the questions we might put ourselves, and even provides a good many straight answers. The filmed material is prepared intelligently, and with a proper regard for dramatic effect. Alan Whicker's lightning half-world tour for "To-night" (BBC) was in a less probing vein, but full of entertaining observations about off-beat subjects. The camera-team worked miracles. By comparison, I find "A Look at New York" (A-R) hurried and obvious. Fifteen minutes per instalment is too short a time, and Michael Ingrams' commentary is a little high-pitched for my taste.

HENRY TURTON



[Bob Cummings Show]

ROBERT CUMMINGS

PUNCH, December 3 1958

## Sporting Prints

IV PETER MAY





# Slip Carriages

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

AMAN has just told me that as a part of their modernization British Railways are going to abolish slip carriages. If so it is grave news and I wonder what my Great-uncle Charlie would have said about it.

My Great-uncle Charlie was a British Israelite. He lived on roots, abhorring all cooked food, and rode about the countryside on a tricycle—except indeed when the tricycle overturned and then he sat under it patiently until a kindly passer-by should come and set it up again. He had never been out of England nor, within England, had he ever been farther north than Leicester. "And in Leicester," so he told me, "the people are barbarians. They have never heard of slip carriages, and so much the worse for them." This was in about 1918 and he was then somewhere in his nineties, and as he told me that he had visited Leicester "when I was a young man" it seemed to me at first sight not unnatural that the citizens of Leicester should not have heard of slip carriages in about 1840. But I discovered that the phrase "when I was a young man" meant something in his seventies, and it did seem to be surprising that the men of Leicester should not have heard of slip carriages in the first decade of the twentieth century. "You mark my words," he said, balancing a carrot on the handlebars of his

tricycle, "everything is going downhill. I shan't live to see it, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you lived to see the day when slip carriages are abolished."

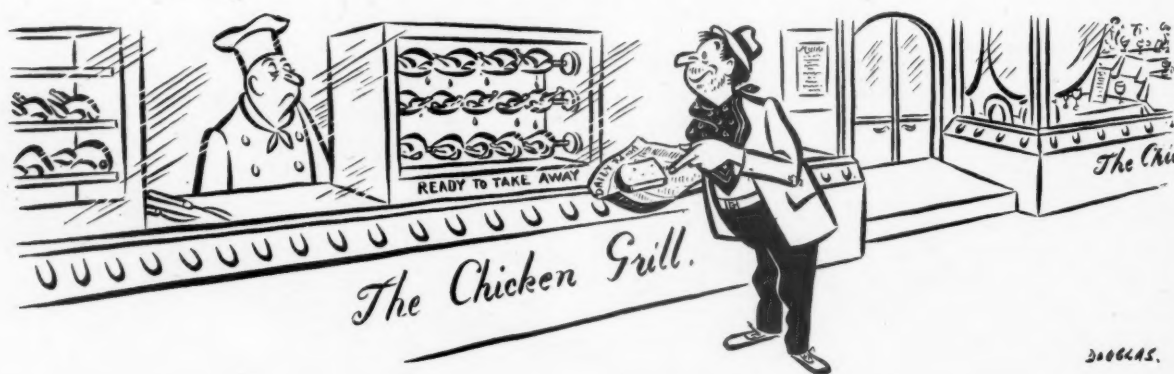
It seemed to me an alarming and a surprising prophecy, because in those days you could, if you took the trouble, get slipped all over the place. If you went on a train to Birmingham you could get slipped at Banbury. Returning from the Zoo on a June evening in 1915 I took a Reading express and got slipped at Slough and, a week or two after, when I went to Hove I took a Brighton train and got slipped at Preston Park—"a very reasonable arrangement," said my Great-uncle Charlie, and one that proved how superior a place Brighton was to Leicester.

Yet far from extending itself, in all the years between the wars the slipping area was steadily contracting, until slipping carriages, like cider and White Horses, came—I know not why—to be a habit of the West Country and of nowhere else in all the world. It suits us very well, because if you could not get to Somerset in a slip carriage you could not get there at all. You board the Cornish Riviera or one of the other great West Country expresses. The main train goes careering down to Plymouth without a stop, but the men of Wiltshire and of Somerset get into the rear coach

and are quietly slipped off at Westbury with no trouble to anyone.

Though all the rest of the world had turned against it we went on being slipped at Westbury right up to the war. Then it was feared that Hitler might hear about it and we should lose the war. Slip carriages, we were told, must be abolished for the duration. It was a grievous sacrifice. We had to go round by Chippenham and do all sorts of things that no nice-minded girl would like to do. But England called us and we obeyed. The war ended and slip carriages at Westbury came back.

What service is to be rendered to the cause of progress if this noble habit should be abolished? A slip in time saves nine, and it is hard to see who would be the better if we, straining greyhounds of Wiltshire and Somerset, had to travel all the way down to Plymouth and then come back again. If the men of Leicester do not want slip carriages, why then, as my Great-uncle Charlie so truly said, "so much the worse for them," but Westbury, ever since time began and since the White Horse was first pricked out upon its Downs, has been the home of slip carriages, and why, Sir Brian Robertson, should not we at Westbury, as we have always done, continue every week-day to see three slips come sailing by, and one on Sundays?



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